★ JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 12, 1940. TWOPENCE

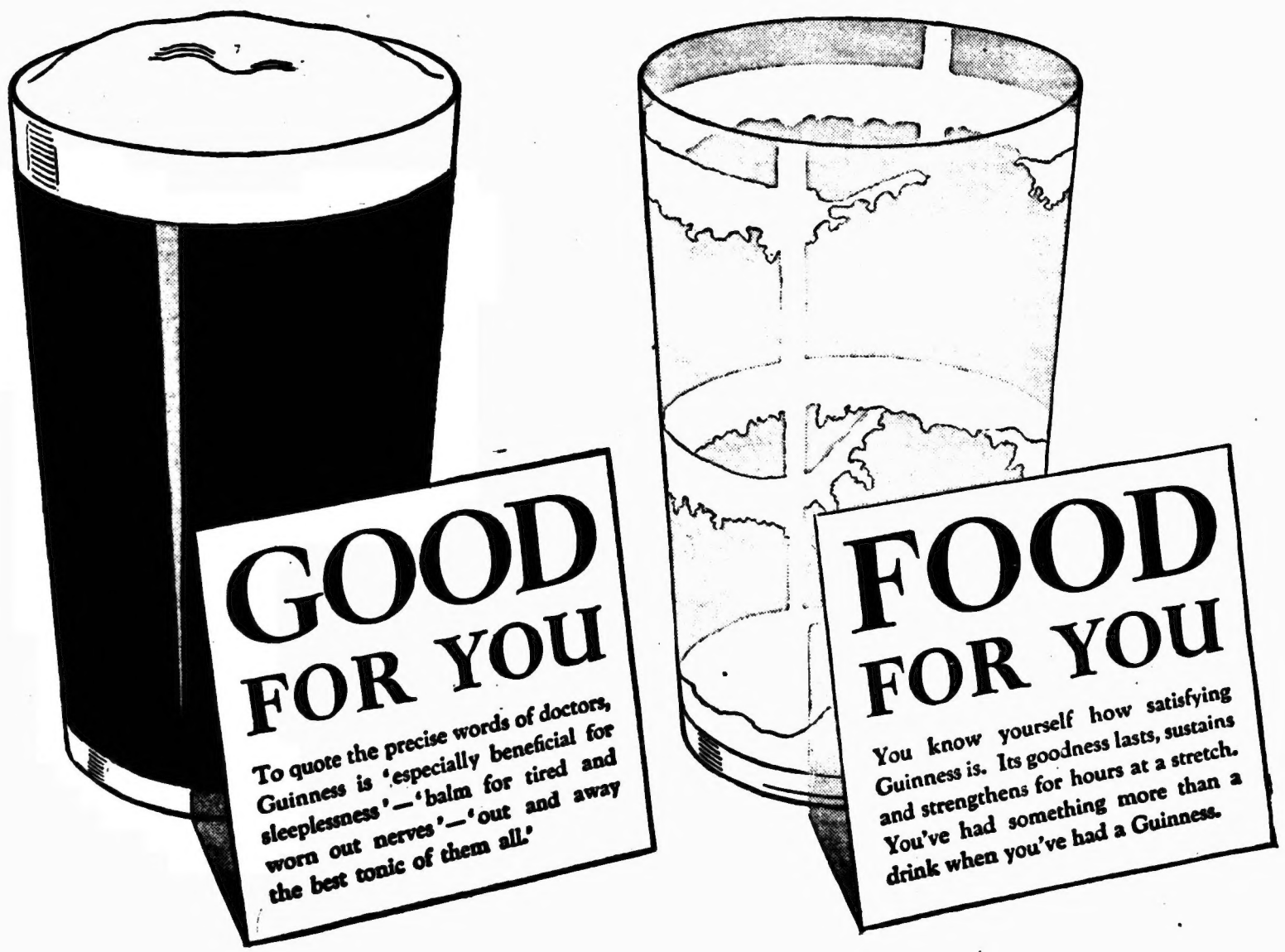
JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII
1791

WE CAN FOIL THE PLOT
By A.G.G.

AIR RAIDS! FREE INSURANCE
IMPORTANT NOTICE
SEE PAGE 3

NAZI PRISONERS SPEAK


GOOD FOR YOU
To quote the precise words of doctors, Guinness is 'especially beneficial for sleeplessness'—'balm for tired and worn out nerves'—'out and away the best tonic of them all.'
FOOD FOR YOU
You know yourself how satisfying Guinness is. Its goodness lasts, sustains and strengthens for hours at a stretch. You've had something more than a drink when you've had a Guinness.
GUINNESS
G.E.779.C

What do I do...

if I am challenged by a sentry?

When I hear the words "Halt! Who goes there?" I stop *at once*. I answer: "Friend!" and wait until the sentry calls "Advance, and be recognised!" Then, and not till then, I step forward and show my identity card (which I always carry with me). If I am with other people each of us steps forward *one at a time*. Even if I'm in my own district, where I think I'm pretty well known, I still do exactly the same. These are serious times and if I treat the matter as a joke, I run the risk of being shot.

Cut this out — and keep it!

Issued by The Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation
by The Brewers' Society

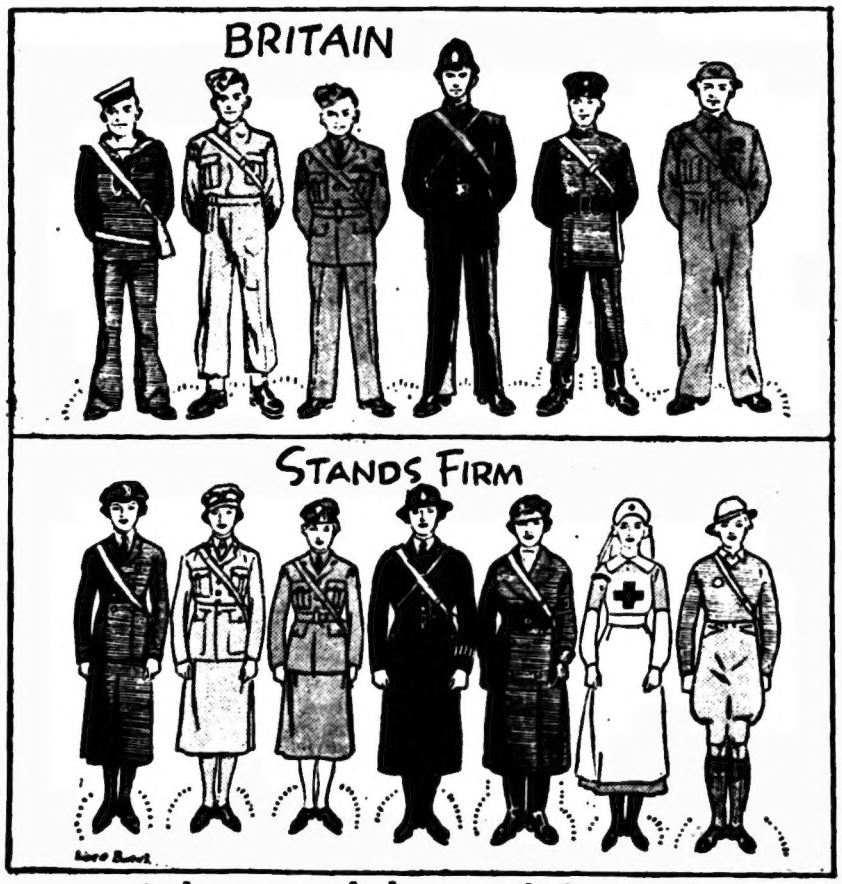
PARK DRIVE

PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

CALL FOR PARK DRIVE

for pleasure!

IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST,
PLEASE EMPTY YOUR PACKET AND LEAVE IT WITH THE TOBACCONIST



in boots and shoes polished with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

It keeps them smart, comfortable and waterproof

IN BLACK, TONETTE, DARK TAN STAIN, ETC. CB/RQ/2

When gums bleed — look out for your teeth!

Blood on your toothbrush is the first sign you see of gum-rot (pyorrhœa) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis) — diseases which undermine even the strongest teeth. But the remedy is simple — use Gibbs S.R., which contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the dentist's own treatment for gum diseases. Use Gibbs S.R. regularly to protect your gums *and* your teeth.

GIBBS **S.R.** TOOTHPASTE — *saves your teeth because it's good for your gums*

GR 94-333-65 D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1

RHEUMATISM

"Thought collar-bone broken"

It is well known that Rheumatism tends to attack the most vital joints and muscles—in the shoulders, knees, elbows, etc. A sudden attack can make every movement sheer agony.

"Two years ago," says Mr. G. Smith, of Flinders End, "I got a sharp pain in my right shoulder while digging in the garden. It was so bad I thought I had broken my collar-bone. But it turned out to be Rheumatism, and for three weeks I could not lift my arm to do anything.

"I then started taking Fynnon Salt. After the first few doses the pain went, and now I would not be without Fynnon if it cost twice as much. *It keeps me free from pain and as fit as a fiddle!*"

The mineral elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, etc., which have made certain Spa Waters world-famous, are the active elements of Fynnon Salt. One teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water every morning is *Nature's own* recipe for the speedy relief of Rheumatism. It "tones" liver and kidneys, rinses away poisons and acid waste and makes you feel years younger. Large tin, 1/3. New Trial Size, 6d.

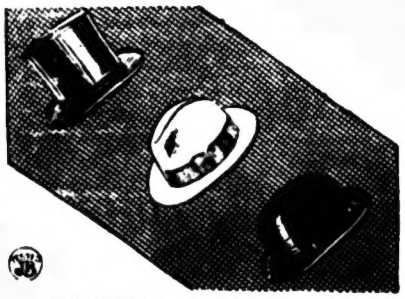
MORE IODINE in YOUR BLOOD

How NOT to catch Colds, 'Flu and Epidemics

When you feel "done," whacked to the wide, chilled and worried, your vitality is low and you are an easy prey to germs—colds, 'flu and worse. You need defence against germ-invaders.

What is your best defence? Iodine. It regulates your whole health. Doctors agree you need tiny quantities every minute every day. The best way to get Iodine into your system is to inhale it. That's why breathing iodine-charged sea air is so good. How can you be sure of Iodine all the time? Wear a Simpson Iodine Locket round your neck or in vest pocket. Iodine liberated by body-heat rises continually to your nostrils. You are immune from germs. 3,000,000 wearers have proved it.

A Simpson Locket costs only 1/9 from chemists. If difficulty, post free on receipt of price, from J. W. Simpson (Chemist) Ltd. (Dept. K5), Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Would you like a free tin of Iodine Ointment for your First Aid kit? Just send postcard.



HATS LIKE IT!

ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR

WON'T SOIL HATS OR PILLOWS

6d. 1/3 & 2/3

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, Oct. 12, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

EVERY EYE IS ON HERBERT

HERBERT MORRISON, tucking up his sleeves for his new job, is given as great a chance to thwart Hitler as when Mr. Churchill asked him to provide masses of tanks, guns and shells in double-quick time.

The people regard his appointment as the pivot of the Government changes. The people are right.

By speedy relief for the homeless he can maintain their morale.

By providing shelter for the other occupants of bombed areas, he can minimise the effect of Nazi bombs.

Hail and Farewell!

Farewell to Mr. Chamberlain. No one disputed his integrity.

His over-cautious hands long ago ceased to paralyse our war effort; now his departure from office stills a voice in our war councils that aroused disquiet and suspicion.

Welcome, a warm welcome, to Mr. Bevin, who steps into the War Cabinet.

He'll make our war machine hum all the louder.

He's Safe, Anyway

Sir John Anderson has been tucked up in a job where he cannot muddle and meddle.

Lord Halifax—despite considerable criticism, some justified, some not—has been retained.

True he has to take his share of the blame with others of them for our pre-war policy.

But he is a man with great character, possessed of a fine mind, and to people who would throw him out lightly we would say: Mr. Churchill finds it none too easy to find a man who could take his place.

On to Victory—and Prosperity

On the whole, however, the reshuffled Government presents a strong and determined front. More power is given to Ministers who have proved successful, more impetus to Britain's drive towards certain victory.

The nation will now expect an end to the workless queues, the mobilisation of every fit man and woman for our war industries.

Sir John Reith's surprise appointment to a Ministry of Works and Public Buildings promises a start on the great slum-clearance campaign that will help to prevent a post-war slump.

But the countryside must not be forgotten. Speed up land drainage, land fertilisation, and rural housing!

Most Urgent Task

Meanwhile, public eyes are on Herbert Morrison. His task is most urgent.

He can be trusted to act quickly, yet coolly. He does not favour half-measures. Will he, then, be content with the existing A.R.P. services?

Rescue squads in some districts are under-staffed. They work too slowly.

Sometimes the police have to dig out people from bombed homes.

Give 'Em a Job!

Important roads remain blocked for days. Broken glass and other débris have to be cleared away by street cleaners. Traffic is impeded; millions of pounds lost in delays to business.

That is playing Hitler's game.

Why not give the work to the unemployed, to miners on short time—or to the Army?

Here's His Chance!

JOHN BULL urges that sappers should help to repair roads instead of eating their heads off. The R.A.M.C. should help to tend the victims of Goering's bombers.

There must be an end to the surface shelter scandal.

These shelters are being built in roads where every house has its Anderson shelter. Foremen seem to encourage dawdling; nothing unusual for eight men to take six weeks on a single small shelter!

Better, far better, if the money were spent on deep shelters.

Mr. Morrison, like JOHN BULL, has always been an advocate of deep shelters; now he has the chance to provide them.

Other Problems for Him

The miasma of the London Tubes must be dispelled. More disinfectants, above all more sanitation, are needed.

Wisely, a start has been made in regulating the Tube refugees. Now start to provide shelters where provincial townsfolk can take refuge!

The new Home Secretary should crack the hard heads of such people as the clerk to Bagshot rural council, who thinks it ridiculous for parents to make "such a fuss" about school shelters for their children.

Why are many districts still unable to get supplies of gas mask filters?

Town Hall Skulking

The siren system urgently needs the long-promised revision. Change it now, Mr. Churchill!

Letters reach JOHN BULL from towns where bombs drop without a single gun firing or a single Spitfire appearing to tackle the enemy.

Often there are good reasons for withholding our defences.

But surely townspeople should be given warning.

Why should it be the Town Hall officials alone who are given a chance to go to shelter when bombs are expected?

His Little Headache

There is a problem, too, awaiting Col. Moore-Brabazon, now Minister of Transport.

He was a pioneer motorist and airman; then he became a transport expert and first-class organiser. Here is his chance to organise transport.

London Transport, even allowing for great difficulties, has been found wanting.

Tube trains are crowded to danger point; services have been heavily reduced, not increased, to meet the earlier rush hours.

Fifteen-Hour Day!

Porters on the Tube stations often work fourteen or fifteen hours a day. Then they cannot get home because of lack of transport.

They cannot get adequate food because their ration cards are at home.

Here, again, is an opportunity to find work for the unemployed—or women.

Mr. Frank Pick, former chief of London Transport, is now at the Ministry of Information. He should cease telling newspapers how to work and go back to work his own business.

Things to be Done

There is no lack of big tasks for our new Ministers. There are others that we need hardly mention, so often have we outlined them:

Better propaganda abroad.
More news for the newspapers at home.
Above all, the statement of our war aims!

(Continued overleaf)

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Free Air Raid Insurance

We take pleasure in announcing that we have been successful in making arrangements to continue "John Bull's" great Free War Time Insurance provisionally until noon on August 12, 1941. In all other respects the scheme will continue to be governed by the conditions previously in force. "John Bull" offers free to every reader

A £200 INSURANCE POLICY
***underwritten at LLOYD'S*—against**
AIR RAIDS! INVASION! BOMBARDMENT!

If you are already a registered reader of "John Bull" you automatically qualify for the full range of this extended war time insurance. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent. If you have not yet registered, you cannot afford to delay. Owing to lack of space, due to the strict control of paper, it has not been found possible recently to publish the necessary Registration Forms. If you will put a postcard in the post to-day addressed to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, the Registration Forms will be despatched by return.

Lord Woolton Cracks Down on the Profiteers; Landlords also Feel Minister's Big Stick; Army Pay Muddle still Causing Unhappiness; "Diehard" Colonel makes Veteran Soldiers Resign from Home Guards; Go to It, Mr. Bevin!

NEW anti-profiteering drive opens. Lord Woolton has ordered local committees to investigate overcharging on uncontrolled foodstuffs.

By giving information to the committees, housewives can help him to end a growing scandal.

As for controlled foods, more than three hundred prosecutions a week are being made.

In many instances greedy customers are rightly being summoned as well as shopkeepers.

Watch 'em, Mr. Hudson!

Another decree bears the signature of Mr. R S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture At last farmers are to be given bigger credits, at a reasonable scale of interest, to tide them over money difficulties and help them to increase food production.

But keep an eye on the landlords, Mr. Hudson!

Many of them have already increased farmers' rents, thus filching the subsidies and price increases intended to benefit the real masters of the land.

This Rent Racket

Go into country towns for landlordism at its worst.

Small-means people from London, ineligible for the State evacuation scheme, are being held to ransom for fantastic rents.

Labourers' cottages, without gas or electric light, £4 a week; two rooms in Oxford, £6 a week.

Mr. MacDonald, Minister of Health, is now taking steps to stop this racket. A stroke of the pen should be enough.

Wreck-Hunters

People gave articles they could hardly spare when the call for aluminium was made.

Yet people openly bicycle through the streets with pieces of metal two feet long —"souvenirs" from wrecked Nazi aircraft.

The police don't seem to mind such stealing. Why?

Mass Inoculation?

Wholesale inoculation against influenza is being urged on the Government. Champions point out that the 'flu epidemic of Spring, 1918, killed more people than the guns of all the armies in that year.

True influenza is comparatively rare. More likely is an epidemic of severe colds.

Anti-cold vaccines undoubtedly prevent several types of infection. But to be effective against every known type they would have to include at least sixty different kinds of bacteria.

So the inoculation idea isn't likely to be adopted.

Help Them See Again

Sir Beachcroft Towse, blind V.C. chairman of the National Institute for the Blind, has received £10,000 from Lord Nuffield to help newly blinded people.

He asks JOHN BULL readers to notify the Institute of any men, women or children whose sight may be injured in air raids. Specialised training will be available to these victims.

The Institute's address is 224, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

(Continued from preceding page)

To be Continued

Latest episode in the never-ending serial story of Army pay muddle:

Scots soldier, one of five brothers serving in the Forces, was called at war's outbreak and allotted his father 7s. a week from his pay, increasing it to 12s. when he was promoted in June.

After a year, his father has received some of the money—two months' instalments only.

Even a solicitor has failed to get the rest.

The Extra Sixpence

Some Service units still haven't received the extra 6d. a day.

In one Army camp the men receive only 3s. a week, the other 6d. being placed to their credit, even though they were not in debt.

Now, the increase was supposed to cover the dearer cost of tobacco.

Why is it being withheld or made subject to deductions?

"Diehard" Dangers

There are still a few Home Guard grumbles.

One West Country detachment developed smoothly under the command of a local business man; then he was replaced by an aged "Diehard" colonel.

Resignations now average a dozen a day.

Old soldiers would prefer to be commanded by an active, middle-aged man.

They're right.

Mr. Bevin's Problem

Among Herbert Morrison's hardest jobs at the Ministry of Supply was to persuade conscientious craftsmen that a perfect finish isn't necessary for war weapons.

Mr. Bevin is apparently up against the same praiseworthy yet wasteful spirit.

Men at the Government Training Centre, Leicester, complain that they have spent three months in learning to use a file.

They feel that a month should suffice.

So, we imagine, will hustling Mr. Bevin.

Petrol Anomalies

Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd's petrol dictators haven't yet learned how to convert red tape into elastic.

Elderly commercial traveller, doing extra rounds because two young colleagues have enlisted, is allowed only enough petrol for two weeks out of five.

This instance is a fair example.

So the nation's business shrinks, although some Army officers seem able to get enough petrol to drive big cars a mile or so to buy cigarettes.

Is it Black Magic?

Sixpence a ton is likely to be added by the owners to the price of coal.

This will mean an extra penny a hundredweight to the consumer.

By what black magic of arithmetic is that 6d. a ton stepped up to 1s. 8d. by the time it reaches the housewife?

Gloomy Japanese

Japan's latest mailed-fist gesture has been received glumly by her people. No wonder!

For the first time in her history women queue up for the food shops to open.

Rice, the staple food, is heavily adulterated. Inadequate supply of milk, responsible for the high death-rate among children, is being further restricted.

Fish and vegetable dealers have been ordered to take two or three holidays a month.

Even the best hotels can serve only half a cup of tea with one piece of sugar apiece.

War Lords' Hopes

In a last gambler's throw to retrieve the situation, the war lords have lined up with the Axis.

They aim to tighten the screw on French Indo-China, which has a first-class naval base, will provide new air bases for attacks on China, and become a threat to the sea route to Hong-Kong.

Japan hopes that by military or political pressure she will obtain a larger share of the tin, rubber and oil of the Malay States and Dutch East Indies.

Can't Get Essentials

Even though the Indo-China affair has roused the United States, Japan has no real intention of clashing with Uncle Sam.

She has only nine battleships, against his fifteen, 112 destroyers against 206, 62 submarines against 89.

Two hundred new warships will give the U.S.A. the greatest fleet in the world.

Of the 5,800 aircraft that Japan is believed to possess, a thousand must be kept in China.

The U.S.A. will be able to produce in two months more than the entire Japanese air strength.

And Japan cannot wage a major war without the scrap iron, pig iron, copper, oil and rubber that are mainly controlled by Britain and the United States.

Not so Hot, Hitler

Spain prudently postpones intervention in the conflict. Civil war has left her poverty-stricken and underfed.

The Nazis are causing trouble in French Morocco in the hope that Vichy will appeal to General Franco to save Morocco from the influence of General de Gaulle.

Then Franco would be at war with Britain's ally; Nazi troops would enter Spain in great columns to attack Gibraltar, and Hitler might create a "bridge" across the Mediterranean to send troops to the Near East for action against Egypt.

Already 100,000 Spanish troops are massed on the Moroccan frontier. But whether they'll march is another—and dubious—matter.

Hitler's plans don't always meet with success.

Witness his invasion hopes!

BEHIND THE NEWS

● Luftwaffe discontent is again becoming serious. Airmen are not allowed to return to their own bases after raids on Britain; morale is growing ragged as this subterfuge—and others—fails to hide Nazi air losses.

● **R.A.F. pounding of invasion ports has caused the loss of several hundred barges taken from the Danube and Dutch canals. Consequent delays to vital German internal economy is estimated to exceed 20 per cent.; while cargoes of grain awaiting shipment have been ravaged by rats.**

● *Goering's "reprisals" boasts and assurances to the people that Britain and the R.A.F. were beaten to their knees have boomeranged back with double effect since the Berlin raids.*

● Hamburg's smashed port has been the scene of two mutinies against Labour Minister Ley's department. Recent dockworkers' strike led to a machine-gun massacre of workers, among whom there were several score women and children.

● **Since then the whole of the north-west coast has been placed under martial law and cut off from the rest of the country. It was in this part of Germany that the 1918 revolution began.**

● *Not only has Turkey refused Nazi offers of new trade talks, but, against Nazi propaganda, has just completed new commercial agreements with Britain and several Empire countries. Annual turnover will be at least £20,000,000.*

● Native population of Syria has united under its religious leaders in resisting the efforts of the Italian Armistice Commission. Seeking a remedy, Rome has hurriedly granted **£500,000** for propaganda among the natives.

● **Whole communities of Arab tribesmen have deserted from Libya to the British in Egypt and the Free French in Chad, raiding Italian frontier posts before they go, capturing big supplies of arms, and poisoning the water supplies.**

● *Dakar affair is far from over. Mistakes have been rectified; there may soon be news of big moves to our advantage.*

● Nazis have also made Dakar errors. They have now ordered Vichy to bring back the French warships, but local officers report trouble among the crews and point out that in any case the British Navy is in the way.

● **Alf. Goering, brother of the fat Marshal, is going to Switzerland with half a million pounds to try to bribe important people there into accepting Nazi orders—as he did in Rumania.**

● *Mussolini and Hitler are quarrelling about the huge food stocks that are being looted from France. Mussolini, short of food, wants a share of it. Hitler, even shorter of food, is telling him that he can't have it.*

THE LION HAS CUBS

IN days that seem far distant there was a popular political slogan which ran: "Learn to think imperially."

JOHN BULL did not like that slogan then because it was constantly in the mouths of people who, if they thought at all, certainly thought of the Empire chiefly as useful property for their own enrichment.

To-day the old slogan has a new meaning and a new importance.

All of us must learn to "think imperially" in this new sense because the "Battle of Britain" is being fought for, and by, the entire British Commonwealth of Nations.

From all parts of "the Empire" men of our own blood speaking our tongue have come to our help.

"There are no more islands," cried the Nazis, exulting in the might of Goering's *Luftwaffe* before they found that "the Lion Has Wings."

They thought only of these small islands. They forgot that the Lion has cubs as well as wings and that the winged Lion Cubs are now full grown.

We must never forget it; never for a moment imagine that we have been left to fight alone.

The Axis—even with its new and dubious partner, Japan—cannot match the might and the numbers and the wealth of the free peoples of the British Commonwealth.

Empires have been built by conquest and by conquest been destroyed, but never before in the world's history has so great an empire as our own grown into power and freedom by constitutional change.

The Nazis and the Fascists are incapable of understanding a "free empire." To them the words are a contradiction. Their mushroom empires are held by brute force and nothing else.

For long years they have marvelled to see Great Britain continually extending the principle of self-government. It seemed to them that we were "giving our Empire away."

They thought it weakness to relinquish power. They sneered at talk of common ideals and common loyalty. They counted upon dissensions and desertions.

And they have been bitterly disappointed. For now, as it was in the last war, *all* the peoples of the British Empire are leagued of their own choice against the tyranny and despotism of a common foe.

"Against England" has been Hitler's war-cry. His hordes have swept across a continent, hoping, above all else, to subdue these islands.

They rage against us still in baffled fury, but they have far more than *England* to vanquish; they are confronted by the vast strength of the English-speaking world and the great masses of "coloured" people who enjoy liberty under our flag.

WE said "the English-speaking world," and we meant deliberately to include the hundred and twenty million inhabitants of the United States.

For there is not the smallest doubt that the men and women of the greatest Republic, excepting only an insignificant minority of German blood, are with us heart and soul.

Italy openly recognises the fact. She counts the United States a belligerent in all but name.

Germany does so, too, though her controlled Press is less willing to broadcast the truth to the masses, who are already beginning to lose heart.

We do not need to be told. Before we learnt to "think imperially" in the *right* sense of the term, we had laid the foundations of a colony that would have become richer and stronger than any other.

Had we *then* begun the amazing constitutional experiment of self-government, the United States would to-day have been another and a greater Canada.

We tried to keep a colony and we lost a vast dominion. Even so, the ties of blood, the love of liberty, the inheritance of noble traditions and our common tongue unite us more closely than any pact could ever do.

And Hitler, in reckoning the odds against him, will deceive himself unless he makes due allowance for America's constantly increasing help to us and—we believe—her ultimate intervention.

Included in our Commonwealth of Nations there are, of course, vast numbers who do not speak our own tongue.

The Axis boasts of 250,000,000 adherents. We have 500,000,000—a quarter of the whole world's population spread across a quarter of the earth's surface and controlling at least a third of its entire resources.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By The Editor

India—the India that the enemy thought we could never "hold"—holds fast.

There are millions of Indians who aspire to a wider freedom than we have yet accorded them and many more millions who disagree with us on many political issues, but the Indian peoples of all races and creeds share our resolve to break the power of "Hitlerism."

India has "grown up" faster than we realised. Sooner or later she must be given complete dominion status.

"John Bull" would have been glad to see our own war time Government recognise and welcome India's "coming of age." Meanwhile, however, we know that we can count absolutely upon the loyalty and generous support of all the teeming millions that inhabit this great and rich and inexhaustible peninsular.

Germany believed that she could win this war because she had built up, at ruinous cost, the greatest air armada in the world.

But she reckoned without the courage and tenacity of the British people. She underestimated the colossal resources of the brotherhood of free nations spread across the globe.

She found that, even when our 'planes were utterly outnumbered, they were still unique in quality and performance. She found our pilots, drawn from the four corners of the earth, were trained to the last ounce and coolly reckless of the odds against them.

And she has now discovered that her utmost frightfulness cannot check our increasing production, nor stem the import of reinforcements from overseas.

Remember, as the bombs fall and we bear the brunt of battle here in our own cities and towns and once peaceful villages, that hundreds of millions of our brethren overseas are working night and day to make good our losses and increase our striking power.

The earth is ours and the fullness thereof. While we continue to control the seas we also continue to draw upon all the natural wealth which Hitler covets—oil, coal, rubber, iron, tin, cotton, meat, wool and a hundred other "necessities of war."

BUT remember above all else that the Battle of Britain is the battle for the rights and freedom of *all* peoples and that we are fighting not for ourselves alone but for all that we mean by "civilisation" and all that we hope to make of it.

What we are still accustomed to call "the Empire" is in reality nothing more or less than the union of countless millions who share a single ideal. We are all fighting for the right to live our own lives happily and peacefully in fear of none and in friendship with all who are willing to be friendly.

Even to-day the British Commonwealth of Nations stands as the supreme achievement of civilised peoples.

We have not yet announced our specific war aims, but they could be summarised to include for the world our own standards of fair play, self-government, independence and essential liberty.

Britain is *not* a little island making its last stand against the savage hordes. It is the heart of an unconquerable Empire. It is the Mother of the world's free peoples.

It is the core of the only League of Nations which has proved loyal to its own principles and its own high traditions.

HEROES IN OVERALLS

—Britain in Battledress—

Even though enemy aircraft are droning overhead and the guns are barking, you will always hear the rattle of a passing train. Take a look at the heroes who run those trains through shot and shell, bomb-blast and fire.

By MAURICE FAGENCE

I AM sitting in an L.N.E.R. train that is sweeping on London from the North.

Outside, I know, the sky is peppermint-striped by the searchlights.

Guns thunder, then mumble themselves into silence. Bombs extract an extra rattle out of coffee cups.

The carriage wheels strive to tell me something—I don't know what.

Two syllables, then one syllable, repeated over and over again. Perhaps I shall know what they mean in a moment.

My steward speaks.

"Twenty-four hours without sleep," he says. "I shall be glad of London—and rest."

A savage salvo shouts him down.

Yet he wants rest!

"Not the fault of the company," he explains. "It's little old Hitler. You just get your rest when you can. I'm not complaining. I think of the engine-drivers, and firemen, and guards. Plain damned heroes."

Just time to set him talking. He talks.

"You've come through pretty well to time," he says. "You weren't to know that twelve miles back you passed a huge time-bomb. It was a few feet from you. Yet you were perfectly safe because a goods train was screening you.

"Three men had to risk their lives driving that goods train there.

"Just a comfortable journey into London! But it's only comfortable because hundreds of railwaymen have risked their lives clearing unexploded bombs from the track."

There's George Keen, of the Southern.

Jerry hit an ammunition train of fifty wagons on a single-line stretch. While railwaymen were being collected to tackle the peril—not one man approached refused to join the working party—George saw the danger from his own house.

High explosive was going off in all directions. George helped all his non-able-bodied neighbours into their shelters, leapt a fence, and began unhitching wagons from those that were blazing.

Another railwayman—George Leach—arrived on a bicycle.

"This way, mate," said George, and weighed in with him.

They actually hand-pushed blazing wagons loaded with high explosive.

When scores of other railwaymen were on the spot, and military personnel and auxiliary firemen as well, George still stuck to the job—stuck to it until the bulk of the train had been saved.

Another story of the Southern. No names, this time, but the Southern itself will vouch for the truth of it.

A terminus had been badly bombed. With bombs still falling, staff and passengers were ordered to cover.

Then an urgent messenger arrived.

"Fire on No. 3 platform. Who'll volunteer?"

Who'll volunteer, indeed. The problem was to stop men from rushing out there and then. Not a man was unwilling.

Twice, as they fought the flames, sheer weight of bombing forced them to take refuge for a few minutes.

Chaos was averted. But a driver and fireman gave their lives—and another gallant fireman has since died.

Signalman-heroes abound on all four lines.

One man left his box, extinguished thirty incendiary bombs, then quietly went back to his job of signalling human lives to safety.

An L.M.S. driver and fireman, rescuing their locomotive from a shed when the blitz was at its blitziest, saw a huge bomb fall a few yards from the line.

They stopped for safety. The next second there was a direct hit on the tender, and the grimy couple found

Heroes in overalls, they peer ahead along the track, determined that nothing Hitler can do will stop them from getting to their destination on time. It's the tradition of a job that has always known heroes

what it was like to have a rainstorm of four tons of loco. fuel.

Then a suspicious hissing noise told the driver that a high-pressure pipe had been fractured by a flying fragment.

He peered out to find that the footboards had been blown away.

Determined that his engine shouldn't be ruined because of the boiler going dry, he crawled over the top and, in a hell-hole of scalding steam, succeeded in isolating the leaking pipe.

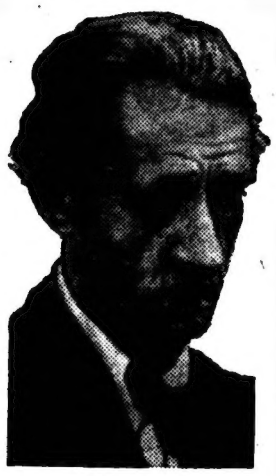
On scores of occasions men have readily risked their lives to save horses.

In the middle of a whole range of furiously blazing warehouses were thirty-six G.W. horses.

No horse could have been brought to safety through such a fire unless some ingenious scheme could be devised.

The G.W. men seized hoses and literally blew a tunnel of water into the fire—and through that tunnel those massive old steeds pranced to safety.

For hours, while this was being done, the men responsible for the horses refused to leave their side—stayed with them under terrifying conditions on stable floors that blistered their feet through their heavy soles.



Swaffer Lifts The Lid

JOHN BULL *readers know Hannen Swaffer's gift for putting his finger unerringly on the vital spot in any problem: they know his fearlessness in making pungent comment.*

In this new feature Swaffer tackles topics of the day with characteristic candour. . . .

Why are there so many duds in the Government?

● When Winston was called on to head the Cabinet, after the Chamberlain collapse, he had to depend on the Party system which, with all its faults, works well in peace time.

From the three Parties he chose, with their leaders' approval, men for various posts. In some instances he chose well; but in others it was dreadful.

Then Neville's resignation gave Winston a chance of which he took only part advantage.

Many duds are still left.

Until last week, it was too much a one-man War Cabinet. Although a member of it, Beaverbrook was immersed in his aircraft drive.

Bevin and Anderson are both strong men. Neither minds criticism. Both will take responsibility.

It was obviously to placate the Tory machine (although he is now boss of it) that Winston added Kingsley Wood, a good second-rater.

"How many members of the Government are successful?" I asked a Member of the War Cabinet, a few days back. He named eight—out of nearly forty!—and to three of those I took exception.

Sir Archibald Sinclair, a Liberal, has escaped criticism as Minister for Air. The R.A.F. has been so brilliantly successful that his shortcomings, if any, have not been noticed.

As for A. V. Alexander and Anthony Eden, they are obviously too much under the control of a Premier who has filled both their offices for them to be either blamed or praised.

I would give Amery more personal authority and send him to India with powers of settlement. Duff-Cooper has failed—and there are at least ten others who should go.

* * *

Why don't they start a real propaganda drive?

● The Government cannot do this until it decides on its war aims. What is its plan for the future of France? Is it anti-Pétain, pro-Pétain, or hot and cold, or both at once?

The obvious line in France is to encourage all the revolutionary forces. Yet a Government which is preponderatingly Tory must suspect subversive influences as being just plain "Bolshevism."

This is a war between the Right and the Left. Yet they try to placate Franco, just as, for months, they tried to placate Mussolini. Franco wants Gibraltar. He is our natural foe.

Propaganda and Action should go together.

* * *

Why don't they tackle the shelter problem properly?

● The reason for this is that you must first decide, for good, whether they believe in shelters for all or wholesale evacuation of the East End.

The Government had two years in which to build deep shelters. It decided not to do it.

Now, how can you suddenly find deep shelters for millions of people? Where are all the expert workmen that would be needed to come from? Where are you going to dig innumerable dry shelters? Have you the concrete?

All these are problems that should have been decided many months ago. Now panic decisions would create new problems.

Why not a real Defence Chief for London?

They did better than that last week. They chose Herbert Morrison. By making him Home Secretary, they gave him much-needed powers outside the Metropolis that no Defence Chief for London would have.

Morrison is by far the greatest expert on London the Metropolis has ever possessed.

He knows every corner of it. And he has filled in it every kind of office. He has decision and calm judgment and a knowledge of how to use other people.

And only he understands how to unify all departments of Civil Defence and how to start with a Plan.

Putting Admiral Evans, a sailor, in charge of shelters, Willink, a lawyer-politician, in charge of accommodation, and Warren Fisher, a former Treasury chief, in charge of repair and salvage, was playing with the problem.

Morrison has now a job that will test all his powers.

* * *

Why so many secret sessions?

● Already, in a year, Parliament has had as many as, in the last war, it had in four years.

The rank and file of the Commons do not understand why they are held. Most people in the country are suspicious of them.

The Government should remember that it is responsible to the nation. Besides, the British people, more than any other, can stand a shock. If there is anything dreadful to be said, well, it would make them work more.

We are not a crowd of nervous old men and timorous women. We are a nation with guts.

Besides, we want to know what is the criticism which, in the Commons, is directed at the Front Bench.

We see around us all sorts of complications and muddles, and we wonder, very naturally, to what extent M.P.s are expressing our views in what should be not a hushed but an open assembly.

After all, some of the newspapers are frank enough. There has been, since the war, no more than a veiled threat of censorship. Then why should Parliament be censored?

You would not believe it, but even the King himself is not allowed to know what takes place at a secret session.

Nor can one Member of Parliament who is absent be told by an M.P. who was there.

Winston can take it—and we want to hear him take it, and know what he answers back.

OPEN LETTERS

Make use of Hitler's Demolition Squads : No way to treat ailing soldiers : War disabled must be trained now to do new jobs : Fire-fighting heroes shamefully neglected : Volunteer ignored by police officials

Rt. Hon. Sir John REITH, M.P.,
Minister of Works and Public Buildings

DEAR SIR,—We should not be in too great a hurry to patch up the battered little houses in London's East End and other bombed areas.

Rather should their occupants be given temporary accommodation and the houses pulled down.

For now is the time to begin replanning our industrial cities.

Coronet to come!

Here is the chance to remedy the housing blunders of recent years.

The great, barrack-like blocks of flats, five or six storeys high, have not proved a solution for slum clearance.

They are inconvenient for old people, lack gardens for the young, fail to satisfy parents.

Poor folk still prefer their little houses—and backyards. I don't blame them.

As one expert comments, "there should be backyards where father can keep his homing pigeons, where the children can keep their pet rabbits, and where mother can dry her washing—all of which are prohibited in municipal housing flats."

If only because of their courage in withstanding the horror of mass bombing, the people of the mean streets deserve real homes.

Broad, tree-lined avenues of model houses should replace the shattered slums. And these should be planned now

You have the finest opportunity in our history to build a better and healthier Britain. I am sure that every housing and social expert, every association of architects and builders, will be eager to help.

By taking a long view of your new Ministry's duties, by refusing to tolerate haphazard rebuilding, you would enrich the country beyond measure.

The nation should be guaranteed an end to the ugliness, inconvenience and wastefulness of the poorer residential districts, and a speedy beginning to the reforms for which so many of us have striven for years.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P.,
Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR.—From the few shillings a week left to them from their pay, soldiers in a military hospital must buy their own jam, marmalade, toilet and shaving soaps, razor blades, stationery—and even for books from the library or use of the billiards table.

This is a damnable shame.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ARTHUR S. MacNALTY,
Chief Medical Officer, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—Many of the workers disabled by war injuries will need training for new jobs. Yet, instead of there being more centres for this essential task, there are fewer.

Many of the existing centres are being shut.

The Unemployment Assistance Bureau refuses new applications by cripples for training grants.

What an appalling scandal it will be if men, women and juveniles are thrown on the scrap-heap, deprived of all chance of earning a living, because they have had the misfortune to be maimed by Nazi bombs!

To avert it, the five authorities responsible for their care must be co-ordinated, better treatment provided, and more training centres established.

This is a big job for a big man. Will you do it?—JOHN BULL.

The CHIEF CONSTABLE,
Nottinghamshire

DEAR CHIEF,—A Beeston reader volunteered for the Home Guards last July. A fortnight later, the police suggested that he should become a special constable instead, and loan his motor-cycle to the Force.

He agreed. After further calls from the police at his house, he got tired of waiting and went to the station on September 21.

To his disgust, he was told that no more recruits were being enrolled!

No doubt you will hustle the slow-motion officials responsible.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL,
Law Society

GENTLEMEN,—I admire the generosity of lawyers who give their services free to poor litigants. But I am incensed by the delays that interfere with their work and cause needless misery to their clients.

One regular soldier began divorce proceedings in 1937. Trying in vain to get his case heard, he was told he must wait his turn.

Now, having been promoted to sergeant, he is told that his means are no longer within the limits of the Poor Persons' Rules.

So he must start proceedings all over again.

He must forget his desire to marry again; his little son must continue to be without a proper home.

A typical instance. And you cannot even plead the war as an excuse for the rotten system that has been under fire for years.—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Hull Fire Brigade Committee

GENTLEMEN,—I am told that your A.F.S. station No. 15 is housed in a disused tramway depot, the roof of which is so damaged that slates fall among the pumps and rain soaks the men.

The camp-beds are filthy; a foul stench arises from the sewer running through the building.

Are these allegations true?

Your ratepayers want to know. So does JOHN BULL.

Lord BEAVERBROOK,
Minister of Aircraft Production

MY LORD,—Week by week, as you know, I send you letters from my readers concerning the aircraft factories.

They tell of delay because of shortage of materials, of workers who have nothing to do but smoke, of others who have plenty of work but must go to shelter whenever the siren sounds.

And still they come, these startling allegations that are never refuted.

Public disquiet is growing. There is no explanation, even now, why hundreds of men were dismissed from the Castle Bromwich factory weeks ago and replaced by men of little experience.

While girls carry on work in other factories during raid alarms, the men bolt for cover.

These girls get £2 a week; men doing the same jobs would earn £5 or £6.

There is little doubt that production could be enormously increased were incompetent foremen and their favourites weeded out, a supply of materials assured, and the operatives ordered to work during raids until warned of imminent danger.

Your appeals to the industry to maintain production will merely waste your breath as long as muddle is tolerated.

I admire the energy and determination you have shown since joining the Government. But are you satisfied that your plans are being carried out by those who should translate them into action?—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — BY PALLAS

Worth Waiting For

"SEVEN bucks a day I gave up to join the Army," grumbled the Canadian. He was sitting next to me in the "local" and was blowing off steam to his pal.

"Yeah, seven bucks a day. And I gave it up to have a go at those —— Jerries. And what do I get?

"I joined up the day after war was declared. It's in the blood this fighting business. My dad and my three brothers were killed in the last war.

"Well, we trained and we came to England. And we've yet to see a Jerry, let alone have a smack at a bunch of 'em."

"Same with me," said the other Canadian. "Seventy dollars a week I was getting when I joined up to fight. And here we are, just waiting . . . and waiting."

I sensed the disappointment in the voices of these two lads

They were typical of the great scrappers who have come over vast tracks of land and sea to have a go at Jerry.

The shameful downfall of France robbed them of their first chance of tackling the Nazis across the Channel.

Then the hammering of the invasion ports and the magnificent fighting qualities of the R.A.F. upset Hitler's plans to invade Britain.

And so for the time being these fully trained soldiers are waiting.

Now, waiting to us Britons is not so irksome as it is to the Dominions lads.

In the first place, they want to get the job over and return to their wives, their mothers, their sweethearts.

In the second place, they are less tolerant of inaction and restraint than we are.

They like to dash about, "go places."

They want to be on the move.

They have a younger, more critical outlook on life than we have.

They have in some respects a wider vision; in others they are more restricted.

It is not difficult to understand the disgust that fills them when they think of the way in which the course of the war has cheated them so far of their prime ambitions—to have a go.

Waiting is not easy. We are all waiting. Life in normal times has its long periods of waiting.

Our Micawbers wait for something to turn up.

The lazy wait for a break and make no attempt to make one. Women wait for husbands, handsome and well endowed.

Cadgers wait for coppers.

Spongers wait for acquaintances to buy them drinks.

All those are vain, selfish periods of waiting. There are other kinds of waiting which are the true test of mental strength.

Such a period of waiting is one through which we are passing now. While we wait and endure, we know that the waiting will be worth while.

As every day passes the nation grows stronger, preparing for the time when the period of waiting ends and the full might of our Navy, Army, Air Force and industry is thrown into the scale in a vast offensive.

Then we will know that the waiting was justified and essential.

Meanwhile, it's no use grumbling.

There's a job to be done eventually—a tough job, maybe a long job.

But once we get really going on that job we'll find that the reserves, not only of material resources but also of mental and spiritual strength, have fitted us for it.

A thing worth having is worth waiting for, says the adage.

Can history point to anything better worth waiting for than the sound of Allied armies marching through the streets of Berlin?

No waiting is too harsh, no waiting is too unbearable for such a vital outcome.

Wait and win.

We can do it.

GOOD MEN WASTED!

FOR eleven years I have been a skilled fitter and turner. I have spent more than two years at sea as a Diesel engine expert. I can claim to be a qualified engineer. Yet I am now a barrack-room orderly, serving the King by wielding broom and mop, carrying no equipment other than a scrubbing-brush and pail.

Britain needs more and more armaments, but it allows a skilled craftsman to toy with a duster when he should be handling a lathe. . . .

* * *

YOU might put him down as just another grouser, this West Country soldier who is disgruntled because there is no more for him to do than keeping the barracks shipshape.

You might also suggest that the British soldier was always given to grousing when there was no fighting to keep him occupied. And I would agree with you. He is an impatient fellow, eager to get on with a war that he considers to be an unwarranted interruption to the serious business of "making a go of things."

Grumbles Justified

But even after dismissing those complaints that seem only to be grouses in the traditional manner, I am forced to admit that there are many other serving men who are as justified as this West Country soldier in their dissatisfaction.

Far too many skilled men like these are being wasted in this war

I held high hopes that there would be no wasted effort in this war; no skilled men left to rot on the scrapheap of futility when there were so many important jobs that they alone could do. But unless something is done right now, it looks as though the people responsible will lay themselves open to the old charge of having too many round pegs in square holes.

Imagine the feelings of the expert pilot who had rushed back into the R.A.F. only to find that he was not going to be allowed to use his wings.

"I had spent more than a thousand hours in the air," he says, "and much of that time was devoted to flying craft similar to British bombers. Everybody admits I am a good pilot, yet I have been earthbound ever since I stepped into my uniform.

"I do nothing but fatigues, pickets and routine work. I am doing a recruit out of a job all the time.

"When I told the Commanding Officer that my skill as a pilot was being wantonly wasted, he agreed that the whole business was 'nonsense.' But there was nothing he could do about it. So I returned to sentry-go."

A radio expert is disappointed because he finds that a flight mechanic spends so much of his time peeling potatoes, and no time at all with the delicate fabric of the machinery with which he is so familiar.

He was Hoodwinked

"I was hoodwinked," he says bluntly.

Then there's a Glasgow youngster, now serving with the Royal Ordnance Corps, who enlisted in the hope that a "turner" would be useful to the Army.

"To my dismay, I am only occasionally asked to do a craftsman's job," he says. "For the rest of the time I am merely a general handyman. As an expert in automatics, heavy horizontal boring and milling machines, I was considered such a useful man by my peace time employers that they have asked the War Office for my release

"Their letters have not even been answered. So they must go on advertising for men with my qualifications, knowing well that they just don't exist.'"

This tale is repeated every day by fitters, welders, motor mechanics, telegraphists, accountants, surveyors and motor drivers.

"Except for a gunnery course in which we fired five rounds at the targets, we've done nothing except make the local bridge safe for posterity," says one of these experts. "There's a hundred of us, at least ninety of whom are in A1 condition, but we just stand around doing nothing.

With the B.E.F.

"We fought in France with several crack regiments and we did not leave until the final evacuation.

"We started out as Royal Engineers, but after a tour of England we ended up in Yorkshire as members of the Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps.

"Now wouldn't you think that a bunch of healthy youngsters—our average age is twenty-six—deserved a better fate than that after twelve months of roughing it in France and England?

"Yet we didn't even get the increase in pay!"

I hear from an expert that after answering an advertisement calling for men with a knowledge of radio apparatus, he was made a chauffeur-handyman.

He served before the war as a signaller, both in the Territorial and in the Regular Armies. Now the authorities don't even answer his appeals for a transfer to a unit more after his own heart.

You don't think that the bus driver, offered a job in the Army that calls for all his skill with a wheel, feels happy when he looks back on twelve months of life in uniform only to find that he has done two months' driving. The rest of the time he has been doing odd jobs "about the camps in England and in France."

He is thirty-seven years old and his former employers are screaming for more drivers. Yet he is merely told to bide his time when he complains officially. He would be as much use in the Home Guard as he is now, despite his five years as an N.C.O. in a Territorial unit.

Most unfortunate is the skilled munition worker over whom the military and the civil authorities are fighting. After being discharged from the Army at the end of last year as unfit, he found work at an ordnance factory.

Then it was decided that there had been a mistake.

Ordered Back

Despite the discharge note from the surgeon specialist, he was ordered back into the Army, graded C3 and told to join a Home Service unit. He goes to hospital four times a week.

With such evidence as this before you, it is not easy to forgive authority that keeps men chafing at the red tape that prevents their doing something useful.

The officials who play such impish tricks with the enthusiasm of some of our best craftsmen ought to officially evacuate to a far-away coral isle, leaving the job of finding suitable billets for the right people to men with a less exalted view of red tape.

Nothing is more trying than for good, skilled men to hang about wasting their time—and brains.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

RATE arrears of £8 are a constant source of worry to a Doncaster man, C. W. Gannon, who served willingly throughout the last war. He has a wife and two children under thirteen years of age to support, but has been unable to work for a long time because of ill-health.

His doctor and the clergyman of his parish speak highly of his character and his eagerness to meet all his liabilities. JOHN BULL is sure, therefore, that any donations sent to this man will be used to clear his unavoidable debts.

Donations should be earmarked "Rates" and addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of Subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

WE ARE GRATEFUL TO THOSE WHO SEND TO US ANONYMOUSLY.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Bogus Major on the Run : Don't be Caught by "Bomber" Ramps : Women in a Clothing Fraud : New Pools Warning

BE on your guard if you are visited by a well-built, military-looking man, claiming to be an Army officer in mufti. He produces a card showing that he is attached to the War Office Headquarters staff, and he pretends to be engaged, with several other officers, in arranging billets for soldiers requiring winter accommodation.

He scrutinises all rooms, examines cupboards, wardrobes and furniture.

He spends a lot of time in boarding-houses or small hotels, and always contrives to be left alone so that he can steal everything of value.

The other day he made an excellent haul, getting away with a cheque-book, two watches, banknotes and a bracelet.

He frequently changes his name, but never his tactics.

* * *

IN different parts of London small boys are calling on housewives saying that their "church" is organising a collection for the provision of at least one bomber for the R.A.F.

Even pennies will be gratefully received, they say, as they produce a printed card headed "Bomber Fund."

They look so innocent (indeed many of them are unaware of the real nature of the collection) that most people give without asking questions.

These children are actually working for crooks who employ them to deceive the public.

Make sure that the fund to which you give is genuine.

Ask for credentials, and study them!

WOMEN have been collecting money in a bombed town to "provide blankets, clothes and accommodation for homeless families."

An hotel proprietor approached by one woman asked so many awkward questions that she fled. She had no authority to collect, was merely making an easy income for herself.

Police investigations now being made should yield speedy results. But do not give to any collector without satisfying yourself that he or she is working for a genuine concern.

* * *

MORE matter is now being distributed in an unsolicited manner offering advice to those interested in crosswords, "pools," word competitions and the like.

A request for fees goes with a promise of large prizes, but mostly the information that arrives in exchange for the money is worthless.

* * *

DURING the last few days, two men whose activities have been exposed by me have been sent to jail.

In one instance I was glad to give information to the authorities from my files.

Readers do not always realise that a rogue frequently comes to the end of his machinations after complaints about him have been received at the offices of JOHN BULL.

We Can Foil the Plot

Now is the time for Britain and the United States to act together if they are to counter the sinister effects of the latest Axis schemes in the Far East

Says A. G. GARDINER

THE black flag is hoisted all over the world and the three pirate powers have lined up for the final assault.

That is the meaning of the new Axis pact. It has other meanings, but this is the ultimate goal.

The programme is simple. The loot of three continents would be distributed among the pirates.

Nazi Germany would be allotted dominion over Europe, with the British Empire thrown in.

Japan would have dominion over Asia and the Pacific.

The Italian jackal would, under the sanction of Germany, take over the Mediterranean and Africa.

The fate of the New World would be settled when the pirates had gobbled up the Old World.

What would happen when, gorged with their plunder, they come to grips for world dominion, does not concern us now.

The world by then would be a hell that beggars the imagination.

WHAT DOES CONCERN US NOW IS HOW THIS PRECIOUS PLOT IS TO BE DEFEATED (AS IT WILL BE) AND HOW THE FORMAL ENTRY OF JAPAN INTO THE CONSPIRACY AFFECTS ITS PROSPECTS.

I say "formal entry" because Japan is the chief author and begetter of the whole tragedy in which the world is engulfed.

It was her invasion of Manchuria nine years ago that lit the torch which Mussolini applied in Abyssinia and Spain, and passed on to Hitler to set Europe in a blaze.

If that monstrous crime had been nipped in the bud, as it could easily have been by the joint action of this country and the United States, the catastrophe of to-day would not have come.

It was the failure to defend the law of nations and the sanctity of treaties then that led to the tidal wave of lawlessness that threatens the universal extinction of civilisation now.

And it is not only in the original betrayal of China, whose independence they had guaranteed in the Nine-Power Treaty, that the Western Powers have helped Japan.

It is the simple truth to say that the war on China, now in its fourth year, could not have been waged without the assistance of the two great commonwealths.

Britain and the United States have not merely held the candle to the devil of Japan.

They have for years been arming that devil with the very weapons with which he is massacring a great, friendly and helpless nation.

No less than 90 per cent. of Japan's essential war supplies have come from the United States, the British Empire and the Dutch East Indies.

Of this total the United States' contribution has been 56 per cent., and that of the British Empire 20.69 per cent.

Take the case of Canada alone. Her total shipments of war material to Japan last year were valued at over 24,000,000 dollars.

They included every ton of asbestos Japan imported, 90 per cent. of the nickel she imported, and 71 per cent. of the aluminium.

British Malaya has been even more liberal in aiding Japan to butcher China.

She has supplied Japan with the oil and rubber she needs, just as Australia has furnished the wool she requires to clothe her hordes of barbarian assassins.

Japanese Strong Man No. 1, Prince Fumimaro Konoye, member of one of Japan's five oldest families, is a shy, nervous, chinless and unaggressive "dictator." But he showed his admiration for Hitler by disguising himself as the Fuehrer when he went recently to a Tokio carnival

As for the United States, it is enough to repeat that 56 per cent. of Japan's war material, much more than half, has come from that country.

AND THIS IS NOT ALL, OR EVEN THE WORST. ONLY AS RECENTLY AS LAST APRIL THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, IN WHICH THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT HAS A MAJORITY HOLDING, SOLD ONE MILLION BARRELS OF OIL TO JAPAN AT CUT PRICES.

Two months later the British Government, on the demand of Japan, closed the Burma Road against the transit of any material that would enable the hapless victim of Japanese aggression to arm herself in her own defence.

Add to all this the credit facilities which Japan commands in the City of London and the trade in British Dominions and America that are enabling her to finance her brigandage, and we have a record of shame almost without parallel in our history. And the United States no less.

WHAT is the reason? Here is a nation whose aims we know as well as we know those of Hitler.

Their object is to establish a Japanese hegemony of Asia, to drive out the white man from the Far East, to close its markets against him, to be the dictator of the Pacific from the Sea of Japan to Australasia.

And all the immediate victims of this vast ambition are engaged in supplying the enemy with the means of accomplishing their own destruction.

We (Britain and America) not only put into Japan's hand a knife with which to cut the throat of China.

We put into her hand a knife with which to cut our own throats.

We at least have an excuse that the United States has not.

With Hitler master of Europe we have all our work cut out to save ourselves and the cause of civilisation on the Atlantic seaboard.

We have no resources for another major war twelve thousand miles away.

That is the cleft stick into which the Guilty Men have landed this great nation.

The United States has had no such excuse.

She has left China to her fate and helped to arm her slayer in the belief that she can leave the rest of the world to go to the devil without coming to harm herself.

Now the situation has changed, and the new Axis pact is the result.

CLEARLY the Axis move has two motives. On Japan's side it is an attempt to frighten the United States with fear of what will happen if she does not keep her hands off the war.

The effect seems to have been the precise contrary. Washington is obviously not frightened.

On Hitler's side the motive is to have Japan at his back to draw America's fire if she does enter the war.

The fact implicit in both motives is that Germany and Japan alike realise that the drift of American opinion is decisively against them, and that American non-belligerency is wearing so thin as to be hardly distinguishable.

Whether or not the United States enters the war officially, the decision of Japan to become a full partner of the Axis calls for a drastic change in the attitude of both Britain and the United States towards the Sino-Japanese war.

THE POLICY OF APPEASEMENT IN THE CASE OF JAPAN HAS BEEN AS DISASTROUS AS IT WAS IN THE CASE OF HITLER.

Every concession made to Japan in the hope of keeping her out of Hitler's orbit has increased her rapacity.

And in the end she stands shoulder to shoulder with Hitler and claims Asia and the Pacific as her modest share of the plunder of the world.

The time has come for the two great democracies to take the stand which they should have taken nine years ago, and from which they should never have departed.

Let them reassert boldly the validity of the Nine-Power Treaty guaranteeing the independence of China, and let them throw all their influence into the scale on the side of Chiang-Kai-shek and his brave and cruelly wronged people.

If that is done fearlessly and thoroughly, there will be no need to fear the threats of the Axis, which can do nothing to help Japan.

That country has been at war with China for over three years, and is as far from conquering her as when she started.

Had China had access to arms, and had Japan not been fed with war supplies by the United States and the British Dominions, the invader would have been thrust into the sea long since.

That fate will be his now if, instead of arming and supplying the pirate, we arm and supply his victim.

Cut off the supplies to Japan and we bring her war machine to a halt in six months. And China will do the rest.

If it is urged that there are risks, I reply that they are risks that must be taken.

For the alternative is not a risk, but a certainty.

It is the enslavement of Asia and the expulsion of the white man from the Pacific.

NAZI PRISO

What sort of human beings are these Nazi airmen who rain death on suburban houses, who machine-gun women and children in the busy High-street? In this, first of a series of exclusive revelations, the author of "The Kaiser's Master Spy" introduces you to some of the pilots captured when their aircraft have crashed in this country. They are not a pleasant crew, these fliers.

By S. THEODORE FELSTEAD

AS we lie awake night after night listening to the Nazi airmen droning overhead and the thud of the guns intermingled with the bursting of bombs, we wonder whether these fliers are human at all.

The form of warfare they wage so relentlessly is surely the most insensate cowardliness ever conceived by the brain of man.

But it is the warfare faithful to German ideas, propounded by Clausewitz, that any type of brutality is justified on humanitarian grounds, because thereby the end will come quickly.

The end, according to this unutterably callous creed, justifies the means.

Clausewitz belonged to a nation that has remained faithful to frightfulness for many centuries.

Down at a Sussex hospital recently, two of his disciples, shot down from a bomber that had been raining death upon an unsuspecting countryside, were carried in on stretchers with but a few hours to live unless they were immediately operated upon.

Number One, wearing the ribbon of the Iron Cross, was the pilot of the crashed machine. Tall, good-looking, he spoke fluent English.

HE GLARED ROUND AT HIS RESCUERS WITH A LOOK OF UNDYING HATRED.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?" HE KEPT CRYING. "LEAVE ME OUTSIDE TO DIE. I DON'T WANT YOUR FILTHY HOSPITAL."

His spine was fractured; short of a surgical miracle, he would die, or at the least, never walk again. He was taken upstairs to the operating theatre, violently protesting all the time.

The nurses carefully laid him on the table in readiness for the anæsthetist and the surgeon, and as the former approached to give him the chloroform he burst into violent shrieking.

"Take it away, take it away," he raved. "I won't let you poison me."

Physical violence had to be used to quell him; it was a good half-hour before the chloroform could be properly administered and the surgeon could begin the long and delicate operation that meant the difference between life and death to this bitter enemy of England.

The care and attention lavished on this extraordinary creature was completely wasted. He greedily ate every particle of food that came his way, with an appetite that denoted short commons in Nazi aerodromes.

But never a word of thanks to the nurses and doctors. All that came his way was no more than his due, having regard to the fact that German armies would shortly be occupying England and calling to account everybody who had ill-treated prisoners.

In the separate wing of the hospital where he and other Nazi patients were being treated, he discovered, to his intense delight, a kindred soul.

Nothing was good enough for them; they merely grunted at everything and everybody, darkly prophesying speedy retribution for the entire staff.

THE WAIL OF THE SIRENS AND THE PASSING OF THEIR OWN AEROPLANES OVERHEAD AROUSED THE PAIR TO FRENZIED JOY. THEY WOULD JUMP UP IN THEIR BEDS, CHEERING, HOLD UP THEIR RIGHT HANDS IN THE NAZI SALUTE AND SHOUT "HEIL HITLER."

What they would have said if one of their own bombs had descended upon them defies imagination. Fanatical Nazis such as they would probably still have cheered!

VICTIM OF A MACHINE

BETWEEN this precious pair was another wounded airman, a boy of seventeen or eighteen, who burst into hysterics the moment the banshee noises began.

"I can't stand it," he cried again and again. "Take me away before I die."

Who could be harsh on this overwrought victim of the German war machine?

"Mutter! Mutter! Mutter!" was his call all night long as he lay in his delirium. Of a day time, when consciousness had returned, he listened without replying to the jeers of his two countrymen.

"Did he want his mother!" they mocked. "Never mind; he'll soon be home again."

A typical product of the Hitler Youth Movement was this boy flier. He came from Munich, and for seven years he had lapped up the Nazi doctrines with true German docility. To be an airman was grand, the ambition of a lifetime.

So, only six months previously, he had passed through a cadet school and been posted off to a squadron on the Western Front.

Trips over to England, first as an observer, and then as a gunner, had qualified him for the job of piloting one of the big Dornier bombers.

He ran into a Spitfire.

He shivered as he told how the flying fury had come at him with incredible speed, from some inconceivable angle. He told of one brief, paralysing burst from the English machine, a rending of metal and the sudden explosion of his petrol tank.

Three of the men with him were dead; he himself, badly burned, wounded in the head, was the sole survivor.

Casualties, he told the people who talked with him, were terrific. His own squadron had lost half its personnel in a week, and was now being reinforced by young pilots like himself.

They were all being trained on old machines captured in Czecho-Slovakia, and their morale, he said, was not so good as formerly. They would sit down to mess one evening thirty or forty strong; the following evening, in many cases, there would be but half-a-dozen present.

But always their commanding officers had plausible reasons to account for the missing men. They had either been posted to other squadrons, or had gone to Spain, where another phase of the triumphant march would shortly begin. Some, again, had flown off to help Mussolini to conquer Egypt.

Those who had seen their comrades disappear and returned to tell the story were harshly warned to keep their mouths shut.

* * *

The morale of these Murderers of the Night is deteriorating.

Nobody knows that better than Goering, hence the lavish distribution of decorations—a slight failing of his own—and the incredible lies that are dished up to them and swallowed with true Nazi naivete.

Even last winter, before the war had begun in earnest, the dope was being administered in large doses, as for instance, the haughty young gentleman shot down in Scotland, who, while being taken away wounded, peremptorily requested the tenderest treatment, as the German Navy would shortly be coming for him.

By now, doubtless, he has changed his mind.

Hundreds of them firmly believe their own troops have landed in England; their first request on being captured is to be taken to the nearest German camp.

There was also the classic, as well as the humorous, case of the arrogant pilot shot down off Ramsgate who gravely informed his incredulous captors that he was a pearl beyond price—the first Nazi airman to be taken in England.

Being slightly wounded, he had to wait some little time to realise how he had erred, but his face, on finding himself in the company of a few hundred who had anticipated his great honour, must have been a sight to remember.

BALLYHOO BUSINESS

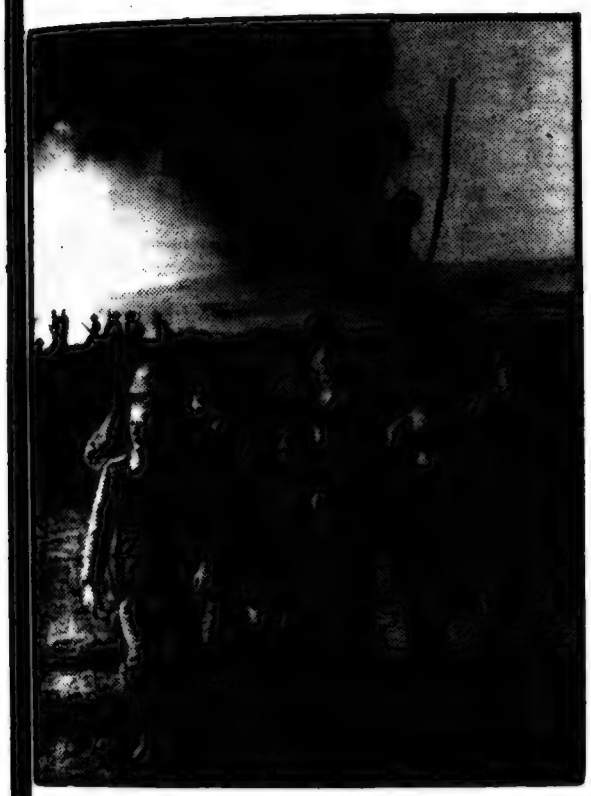
WHAT can be the real state of the *Luftwaffe* to necessitate all this wild lying?

The few hard-baked men now left, those who went through and survived the Polish and then the French campaign, know, of course, that it is all utter bunkum.

Most of these, however, are now squadron commanders.

They, too, have become adept at the ballyhoo business, the regular Nazi game of deluding someone else to do their dirty work.

NERS SPEAK



Are they human? These captured Nazi fliers look it, but "the form of warfare they wage so relentlessly is surely the most insensate cowardliness ever conceived by the brain of man."

They take the novices in hand, spin specious stories of how easy it all is, and, after a trial flight or two over the Promised Land, leave the victims to carry on.

Hundreds of these Nazi air crews brought down were civilians only a few months ago.

FEW HAVE BEEN THROUGH THE STRENUOUS TRAINING THAT THE BRITISH AIRMEN RECEIVE; THEY ARE WHAT MIGHT BE TERMED A MASS-PRODUCTION JOB, LIKE THE DORNIERS AND MESSERSCHMITTS THEY FLY. HUNDREDS MORE ARE OF THE DILETTANTE TYPE, THE SONS OF RICH PARENTS WHO IMAGINED THE *LUFTWAFFE* AN EASY ROAD TO THOSE EDAL RIBBONS SO COVETED BY ALL ERMANS.

There's nothing strikingly hardy about them, and their physique isn't a patch on that of our boys. But then there exists in Germany no drastic system of elimination such as we insist upon.

They will take into the *Luftwaffe* almost any boy who wants to fly.

Some of the pilots, the mere boys of seventeen, hold nothing more than the rank of corporal. We shot down one of these children off Portsmouth; he was slightly wounded and crying when the rescuers arrived.

In between his tears, he begged permission to send his mother a postcard.

On it he wrote: **"Dear Mother, I have arrived safely in England and am being well looked after."**

Hardly one of them has tasted a decent meal for years. They eat our food wolfishly, almost unable to believe the evidence of their own eyes, for, according to the daily propaganda sheets that are their only means of knowing what is happening in the outside world, England is on the brink of starvation.

The British Navy has been destroyed; the German blockade is complete, and, if it were not that London and a few other cities are still obstinately and foolishly holding out, the war with England would be finished.

To them, says Goering in the grandiloquent proclamations he issues almost every week, has fallen the distinction of giving the English the *coup de grace*, the knock-out punch.

By now, possibly, the honour is under deep suspicion; dead men may tell no tales, but missing faces at mess do.

Instances have occurred of whole squadrons of pilots failing to return, of aerodromes stripped clean of them in one day, especially that memorable Sunday when one hundred and eighty-five of their machines succumbed to the Spitfires.

OUR TERRIBLE SPITFIRES

OF course, all this devastating dope that is handed out indicates but one thing.

It is the immeasurable superiority of the Royal Air Force.

Goering won't openly admit it, naturally. Neither will his pilots, except in isolated instances. They put it all down to our terrible Spitfires.

Some will grudgingly concede our shooting to be very good; but you can never get a German to confess himself the inferior of any other man. He lives, if he is lucky long enough, but he will never learn that.

Incredible yarns are told by the more loquacious. They are informed that the R.A.F. has been wiped out, in addition to all English aerodromes.

A well-worn story most of the prisoners have heard is that the R.A.F. men are so slow to get up that they can drop their bombs and be away without fear of counter-attack.

When this wheeze was worn out and the bomber pilots began to display jitters, the big escorts of Messerschmitt fighters came into existence.

The fighter pilots are fondly supposed to be the "tough guys," ready to accept any challenge.

It would be a poor tribute to the *elan* of the R.A.F. to decry them. But man for man, they don't fancy the boys in the Air Force blue. Dunkirk taught them a lesson that will never be forgotten.

* * *

In another hospital, "somewhere in Surrey," there lay a Nazi pilot who couldn't understand us at all.

When he was brought in, he kept talking about the torture we inflict upon our prisoners. The Sister-in-Charge asked him—he spoke some English—where he had heard such cock-and-bull yarns.

"Sister," he said gravely, catching her hand, "please do not fool me. I have been to the lectures they give our airmen, and I know that you do not take prisoners. How long have I got to live?"

"Quite a long time, I should say, if you go on as you are now. We shall keep you here just long enough to get well again, and then, of course, you will be transferred to an officers' camp."

"You are quite sure I am not going to be killed?"

"Stop talking nonsense," said the Sister smilingly. "You are just another of those foolish victims of Hitler."

It took a long time to convince this boy—quite a decent stamp of the young misguided Nazi—that his life would be spared. Some three weeks afterwards he confidentially told the Sister that as a month's pay was now due to him, he would like to make her a nice present for all the kindness he had received.

"No, no," was the reply. "We are not allowed to receive gifts from our patients, either English or German."

"Then, Sister"—this with an air of great secrecy—"I am going to tell you something that we have been warned not to reveal. Always carry your gas-mask with you. The time is coming soon when our aeroplanes are going to drop gas bombs.

"We have thousands of machines to spare, and one night, when you are all asleep, they are going all round London to drop cylinders of gas that will kill everybody who is not prepared."

He went on to give her hair-raising particulars of what this gas could do. The Sister smiled once more, and enquired where the information had come from.

"From our confidential lectures, where we are sworn to secrecy," was the reply.

"Then you do not know," said the Sister, "that at least a hundred of your airmen have all told the same story? It's the same old silliness your Nazi leaders were putting out five years ago. Go to sleep, there's a good boy, and don't worry about us."

DOPED TO THE EYES!

DOPE! There never was an army so doped up to the eyes as this Air Force of Goering's.

One brought in to a Kent hospital insisted on giving away all his personal belongings, in the belief that he would shortly be shot.

He had baled out from 10,000 ft., expecting to be machine-gunned every second.

There were, he said, standing orders in every aerodrome that the English killed every descending pilot.

As a necessary reprisal, therefore, they must act likewise.

MEN WHO VENTURED TO EXPOSTULATE ON THE INHUMANITY OF SUCH AN ACT HAD BEEN COURT-MARTIALLED. THEY WERE TOLD THAT ALL THE OLD AND HONOURABLE TRADITIONS OF AIR-FIGHTING HAD BEEN VIOLATED BY THE ENGLISH.

It was total warfare they were waging—kill or be killed.

Next week there will be revelations of the training these Killers of the Night undergo preparatory to attacking British cities.

Cadgers Can Take It!

Most persons have been haunted by the persistent, unscrupulous borrower. They can't resist his glibness, yet they know their money won't come back. Well, this article tells how Humanist deals with borrowers. He also handles other human problems, and if you need advice, write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page.

By HUMANIST

"JOHN BULL" devotes time and money to putting a check on the activities of crooks, but what can be done about the mean man who tells a pitiful tale, begs for a loan—"Just to tide me over to week-end, old chap"—then forgets all about it?

"I am a working man," writes a reader "and as I have to maintain a grown-up invalid son, I have no money to spare.

"But when a colleague, whose position is far better than mine, spun me a pitiful yarn and asked for a temporary loan, I fell for his story. And I am still waiting to be repaid.

"He has a notorious reputation for borrowing from anybody and everybody, yet he has a good salary, lives in his own house, dresses well, and looks prosperous. According to his own story, he is always hard pressed.

"Even so, I feel bitter about the way I have been let down.

"I would rather throw money down a drain than be tricked. I see the man with his friends, laughing and enjoying himself, and, when I think about the way he has victimised poorer people, it makes me so angry.

"Is there no way to stop such an unscrupulous man once and for all?

"I don't think I am unreasonable.

"In my modest way, I have helped people worse off than myself, and I would willingly do the same again. But I do resent being fooled by a plausible scrounger."

Most of us know either this man or his blood-relations.

They form a large family.

When a borrower's reputation is already known, you are justified in refusing him. It is not easy to do this without feeling mean, but he won't be hurt. He is used to being snubbed.

I knew such a man years ago.

When I saw him approaching in a confidential manner, I used to exclaim, "Just the man I was looking for—can you lend me a couple of pounds?"

He saw through it, but it had the desired effect.

Meantime, there is no legal remedy unless you can prove that a loan has been made.

A signed receipt would be accepted in court; an unsupported statement would carry no weight.

The reader ought to press for repayment, and keep on pressing.

He may succeed by sheer importunity.

Why should the fellow be allowed to hold on to another man's earnings? Such an action is as dishonest as picking a pocket But the policeman can arrest the pickpocket: he can do nothing to the plausible spinner of yarns.

* * *

"I should like to get married and settle down," says another reader. "This is not as simple as you may think. Until the war began I was a common street bookmaker.

"I earned a good living and could always afford to have a good time—week-ends free and merry evenings.

"I never bothered with girls beyond casual friendship, but one day I met a girl whom I loved and wanted to marry.

"But her relations raised objections.

"They liked me, but not my job!

"The girl was fond of me, yet believed that her mother was right. She must have a husband with a steady job!

"She now has another boy friend, and I wish them both luck without any feeling of malice.

"I don't want to boast, but I don't know anyone who is more generous than a happy-go-lucky bookmaker. Why do people look down on me with contempt?

"Now I have met another sweet little girl, but I am afraid.

"She goes to church every Sunday. How could I propose marriage to a girl like that?

"I go to church with her and enjoy it. I have also become teetotal. But after the war I shall have to resume my old 'game.' I have to choose between living the life I like and marrying the girl I want."

The bookmaker is regarded with suspicion because his job is illegal.

He is liable to arrest.

Britain's betting laws are full of anomalies, but apart from that, a young wife wants to feel that her husband does not run the risk of spending his nights in jail.

Religious people would be particularly violent in their objections.

Most of us have had to deal with this man or his blood relations. They are a large family, and not one of them can be trusted to return the money he borrows. "He is as dishonest as a pickpocket," says Humanist

They would find it hard to reconcile it with church-going, yet this man enjoys going to church and still likes his job.

I don't think he has much chance of winning this girl.

No doubt, he would treat her well, but the accumulated prejudices would be too strong for him.

If he must return to his old "game" (as he calls it) he must either remain a bachelor or fall for a girl who has no objections to his method of earning a living.

In his daily work, he must have met plenty who would have no objections at all, but (the cussedness of things!) he must fall in love with a girl who would never accept the position he offers.

Many a decent man has been rejected on account of his work, not because it is sinful, but because social snobbery looks down on it.

"All These Things are to Come"

AND all the winds that ever blew will rage round England's shores, the Hand of Nature, and of God, will help Her in Her Wars. And all the seas that ever swelled upon majestic tides will swing with a thunderous roar of strength, so Britain's Right Presides.

AND all the mists spun from the years of salt-lipped rugged coasts will, like a dawn-clad Army, defy the Invading Hosts, and every cove, and every shore, and every hill and dale, will mock the Great Invader when he cunningly sets sail.

AND all the ships, and all the guns, and all the Walls of Steel, in panoramic glory will rotate upon the Wheel of British Resolution, on which History unrolls, while Time for evermore engraves Her Name upon Life's Scrolls.

AND all these things will All Come True though tortuous be the way, so the Light of a New Universe its Sane Purpose can Display. A World whose Structure will arise Foursquare on Heaven's Own Plan, with all its vast Dimensions for the Benefit of Man.

J. M.

NEWS FOR BRITAIN'S FOREIGN LEGIONS

Problem of purveying vital news among hundreds of thousands of men and women—Poles, French, Czechs, Dutch and Belgian—who form Britain's mighty foreign legion has been solved by the introduction of these powerful newspapers

BRITAIN is thronged with foreigners—soldiers, sailors, airmen, officials, refugees, tens of thousands of whom speak no English.

For their benefit, eight foreign-language newspapers and periodicals are now regularly published in this country.

They include two daily newspapers, and they are printed in French, Polish, Dutch, Czech, Norwegian and "Belgian" (French and Flemish).

Most widely circulated is "France," four-page miniature of a typical London daily newspaper, which you can buy from most newsagents.

* * *

For weeks after the French collapse committees tackled the problem of providing news, comment and encouragement for scores of thousands of French people who were unable to understand British newspapers or broadcasts.

A temporary newspaper, "July 4," was brought out, and finally an Anglo-French group of business men financed "France," which is now published in a typical Fleet Street office.

Its contributors, who do not sign their articles for fear of reprisals on relatives in occupied France, are mostly ex-Parisian journalists.

Its cartoonist once worked on a café terrace; now he sketches in London teashops.

The Poles, remnants of the gallant armies that fought on in France after the French had capitulated, are said to be the most numerous of our "Foreign Legions."

They have three Polish newspapers, a daily and two weeklies.

The Dutch recently produced the first issue of "Vrij (Free) Nederland." They print more than 20,000 copies, to circulate not only among fighting men, officials and refugees here, but also in the Dutch colonies, in South Africa and among Dutch groups in the United States and Canada.

* * *

Its columns contain news, obtained at great risk, of conditions in Holland to-day; it carries also general news, pictures, humour, comment and a children's page.

Such newspapers, circulated overseas, have a powerful propaganda value.

The Belgians, not so strong numerically, recently produced "July 21," a magazine named after their national date. It is bi-lingual, printed half in French, half in Flemish.

* * *

Thousands of Norwegian service men escaped to fight again. Their Government saved all its gold and, foreign securities and a vast shipping fleet from the Germans, and it is still able to meet all pre-invasion liabilities and interests on loans without aid from Britain.

So it was well able to afford the new bi-weekly, "Norway Gazette," which recently appeared, under Government sponsorship.

A daily Norwegian news bulletin is also broadcast, and thousands of Norwegian seamen at sea are served by special broadcasts."

* * *

Most of our Allies have opened social centres and clubs, some in luxurious mansions lent by rich Englishmen, where exiles meet their fellow-countrymen, listen to national concerts and lectures, read their own books and newspapers.

Their hostels are appearing all over the country.

Schools for refugee children are being opened. A new Belgian school in St. John's Wood, in London, has more than a hundred pupils and about twenty adult scholars.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

Mr. Timmins took down his tin hat from its hook in the hall and slung the chain of the whistle around his neck ...

HITTING THE HEADLINES

By Hedley Barker

PEACE and quiet. Bees buzzing and things rustling in the grass. Now that he had got it, Mr. Timmins was not sure whether he wanted it.

Every night at seven o'clock he took his pipe and went down to The George at the bottom of the garden. The George was an old bus converted into a caravan. Mr. Timmins always locked the door and drew the curtains.

That meant *Do Not Disturb.*

Every night at seven. Routine. An aim. Everything done with a definite end in view. Funny that he should be planning his life when he had nearly finished with it.

The George was quiet. Not even a bee, you could have heard a feather drop.

Mr. Timmins could hear the plup-plup of his lips as he puffed out tobacco-smoke and the steady beat of his heart.

Get into your own mind—that's what the book said. Who was it by? He had forgotten. Spend an hour in meditation every day of your life—that was the gist of it. And here he was, meditating. At least it killed time.

Take the Universe, the author had said. Immense scope there.

Worlds upon worlds created out of—what? Mr. Timmins didn't know, and he wasn't disposed to enquire. Heavy going, that. Too much for him.

He much preferred to think about life, his own life, search for the milestones, the landmarks. But there was nothing that he could call a milestone, and the only landmark was his wedding day.

No highlights, no thrills. Just grubbing along, making money, putting it away, forgetting about it, until one day he heard Mary full of pride.

"My husband's been very successful."

Successful! Mr. Timmins had escaped to The George at that and hooted with inward laughter. Good God! But of course he couldn't blame Mary.

There was the limousine, the satinwood furniture, and her five pounds a week pin-money. She couldn't know that he'd been a howling failure; that all his life he had struggled in vain to realise a secret ambition.

Sometimes he thought the ambition tawdry, childish.

But was it?

The kid, Mr. Timmins insisted, was father to the man. Turn out the secret ambitions of most great men and the world would see a lot of clap-trap.

No, nothing wrong there.

What shamed him was that he had failed; that there were people still waiting to hear of him and no doubt sniggering whenever his name was mentioned.

"Mark my words," he had said time and time again, "I'll be hitting the headlines one of these days. John Timmins will be a name."

Silly of him. He hadn't intended it as boasting. He had been young, desperate, fiercely determined to get away from the commonplace.

AND now more than ever it was with him. Peace and quiet, nothing to do but think, and the same thoughts always cropping up.

Mr. Timmins, with a tranced, far-away look on his face, traced the theme back to its beginnings.

He saw a kid at school with a narrow chest and ears that stuck out like sails—a butt for the others.

"Lugs" Timmins.

How he had longed to be cock of the walk; to teach all and sundry that ear-tweaking didn't pay. He had left school with a fierce ache to rise above his fellows, to count for something, to win fame.

And fame for Mr. Timmins gradually became crystallised into the definite object. To be news, headlines in the papers, his name passed from lip to lip. If only he could achieve that, just once!

He shook his head, heaved a sigh. Above all things he prized this vision of himself in to-morrow's news. He wanted to justify himself. It rankled with Mr. Timmins that he had seemed to be a vain boaster.

"Not a chance, Johnny," he muttered. "Best get it out of your system."

Twenty houses or so, scattered all over the place, a church, a pub, a weekly visit from the vicar. Peace and quiet. Occasionally they'd telephone Mr. Timmins and he'd get out the limousine, touring the lanes, blowing an air raid warning on his whistle.

SOMETHING to do. One blast for raiders and two for all clear. A.R.P. notices and stirrup-pumps and gas-mask repairs and the village drowsing in the sun. Peace and quiet, even for the handful of troops who manned the searchlight and the machine-gun at the edge of the wood. Rum sort of war, this.

"Dear Dad," his son had written some time ago, "so far as I can see I'm stationed here for keeps, a Lewis gunner with nothing to shoot at. Wasn't it peace and quiet you were wanting? This is it. There's a house here would suit you down to the ground, not too big, nice garden, garage, h. and c. What about it? Six of us here living in tents and could do with a chin-wag now and again. Also some of mother's gooseberry pie. R.S.V.P.—Tom."

His only son, young Tom. Bigger than his father (heaven be praised), more spread to him, and nothing wrong with his ears.

Something wrong with his peace of mind, though.

Young Tom chafed.

Corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, captain—that was the line of progression he had mapped out for himself. Private Tom Timmins wanted to get on.

"You will," promised his father. "You're bound to. You jump to the eye, Tom. You're a gentleman."

"That doesn't cut any ice, dad," said young Tom. "We're the lost platoon. The British Army's forgotten our existence. If we all deserted to-morrow they wouldn't be any wiser. It's a punk war, all right."

"Peace and quiet," smiled Mr. Timmins. "And how!" growled Tom. "Milking cows and making daisy-chains for the kids. Would you credit it?"

"I shouldn't worry too much," advised Mr. Timmins. "The war won't last for ever. And afterwards——"

"Sure there's afterwards," put in Tom impatiently, "but I'm concerned with now. I want to make a success of my present job, and so long as I'm tucked away in this God-forsaken hole there isn't a dog's chance."

"Well," soothed Mr. Timmins, "there's always gooseberry pie." Whereat young Tom grinned. "And a drop of your special whisky," he said. "Think I'll sample a tot to cheer myself up."

A good lad, thought Mr. Timmins.

Spunk in him, brains, personality; he deserved more than a private's uniform.

And, of course, Mr. Timmins knew that he wouldn't get it, unless he distinguished himself. And what could he do in that line here? Nothing, just nothing at all.

"Still," muttered Mr. Timmins, alone in The George, "I don't think you'll know what it is to be disappointed all your life. As I have, and always shall be."

Mr. Timmins laughed, a little bitterly. Was it possible that he still cherished an idiot hope? It was.

Dusk. Mr. Timmins locked the door of The George behind him. *Mark my words, I'll be hitting the headlines one of these days.* Somehow the phrase had a peculiar reproach for him to-night, spoiled the smell of the night-scented stock, the sight of the little bats, jerkily dodging. Slowly he walked up the garden, heard the ring of the telephone-bell, quickened his pace.

"Mr. Timmins?"

"Speaking."

"Raiders approaching from the south. Will you repeat that?"

Mr. Timmins repeated it, took down his tin hat from its hook in the hall, slung the chain of the whistle around his neck, and pulled the limousine out into the road.

The Woolpack was his first call, two hundred yards along the tree-lined lane, and in the long mirror placed on the corner for motorists he saw a tubby little man with a round bullet head and stand-off ears as he blew one long blast. Undersized, and fat, and rather comic.

He felt his cheeks burning as he drove off. Not much of a father for young Tom to introduce to his friends. Mr. Timmins felt in that moment the crystallisation of a lifetime's resentment, a hatred of himself as he was, a desperate longing to do something, anything, that would offset his insignificance and set him apart.

On to the vicarage.

No need to blow his whistle here; the vicar was standing at his gate—tall, upright, white-haired, broad-shouldered, an old Oxford Blue. Mr. Timmins growled a warning and passed on. He fancied he had caught the vicar trying to repress a smile; saw himself as a figure of fun acting in a one-man farce.

Until he heard suddenly from over the wood a rattle of machine-gun fire, saw what looked like a great dark bird swooping, spitting flame.

FOR one tense moment Mr. Timmins was staggered, paralysed. And then he stepped on the gas, turned the big car on to the common, and began a mad, jolting race at sixty miles an hour over to the trees.

Young Tom was there, now a Lewis gunner with something to fire at.

Mr. Timmins wanted to see how he was faring.

There were only three on duty. Two of them were standing by the searchlight, and young Tom—young Tom was lying there cursing in the dusk, with both knees out of action.

"Look out, dad!" he warned, "the blighter's coming again."

"So he is," agreed Mr. Timmins. Queer, how he had no very clear notion of what happened after that.

Noise, mostly, the roar of engines as the aircraft dived, a hurtling shape seen through the sights of the Lewis, the rattle of salvoes, then a flame spinning down in a mad dive, and young Tom cheering.

They lifted Tom into the car, and Mr. Timmins, a bit stupefied, drove off. Passing The Woolpack, Tom began to laugh.

"It'll be a sensation," he said. "Air raid warden brings down raider in lonely village. Can't you see the headlines?"

"What? Do you mean to say——?"

Mr. Timmins' heart leaped. Why, of course! They'd make a feature of it. Human interest—his whistle—the village where nothing ever happened.

The newspapers lost no time. Eleven p.m. brought the *Daily Monitor.*

"Mr. Timmins?"

Mr. Timmins looked old as he led the way to the dining-room; old and weary, with a hint of sadness in his eyes.

"Congratulations," said the reporter. "I understand from the villagers, sir——"

——"Ah," put in Mr. Timmins, "these villagers. What do they know? Dusk, and the wood five hundred yards away."

He crossed to the window, stared out into the moonlit garden.

"Then, you didn't——"

"No," said Mr. Timmins in a low voice. He put up his hands, gripped his lapels as if they were lifelines. "No. It was my son, young Tom. You——you don't mind having the light out? Sit down. I'll give you the whole story."

All clear!

False teeth cleaned while I dress!

In spite of wartime difficulties false teeth can still be kept perfectly clean and wholesome this new easy way. Merely place them in 'Steradent' solution while you dress (or overnight if you are in a 'safe' area). This cleans every crevice, removes all film and stain and *sterilizes* dentures. Why not join the millions who ensure mouth hygiene by using 'Steradent' regularly. Obtainable from all chemists in 1/- and 1/9d tins.

HOW TO DO IT

Half tumbler warm water. 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under the tap.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Steradent Ltd., Hull and London

ON SHELTER NIGHTS take

Cephos

Pronounced See-fos REGD

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

TO PREVENT A CHILL

Two tablets (or one powder) taken on entering an air raid shelter will prevent a cold developing.

TO CURE A HEADACHE

Cephos will give swift relief and soothe the nerves.

It does not affect the heart.

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 and 3/-. Single Dose 2d.

That awkward moment when children beg for something sweet . . .

Six Facts every mother ought to know

in these days of food restrictions

1. When children beg for something sweet, it is because their active, growing bodies are in need of an extra ration of energy.

2. The sweetness of Horlicks, which comes from the natural milk sugar and malt sugars in it, is loved by children and it gives them added energy *in a form which their bodies make use of at once.*

3. It passes into the blood-stream without putting any strain on the digestion and so never causes "upsets."

4. Horlicks contains 14-15% of body-building protein. One-half of this protein is derived from full-cream milk, one of the very best "protective" foods.

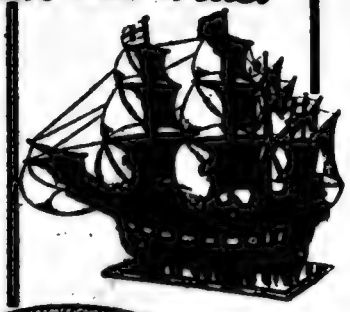
5. Calcium—which builds firm bones and good teeth—is also contained in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. The milk sugar in Horlicks helps the child to use this calcium to the best advantage.

6. Horlicks is a *complete* food. So it helps to make good any lack of essential elements in the child's other food, and corrects any tendency to monotony in his diet. Let your children have Horlicks these days. They'll love it and they will be all the better for it.

HORLICKS

Prices from 2/-, the same as before the war. From all chemists & grocers.

Cut out the Black-Out Blues



Hobbies

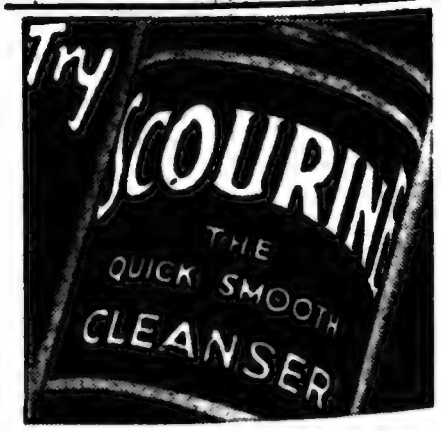
One of the dozen old-time galleons you can make. Every detail provided—you can't go wrong. All sizes, very little cost.

MODEL MAKING

Anything from a Spitfire to a Cruiser. Few tools needed. Get the new 200-page Hobbies Handbook with free patterns value 1/6. Of any newsagent price 6d., or post free 9d., from as above.

FREE

Ask for lists any Hobbies Agent or Dept. 45, Hobbies Ltd., Dereham, Norfolk.



Get some from WOOLWORTH'S or from any grocer or stores.

BLUFF SAVED HIM

Continuing "Giants of the Ring"

The bold ruse by which Napoleonic Tommy Burns held on to his heavyweight champion's crown when he had to leave a sick-bed to fight Big Bill Squires for the third time was characteristic of one of the greatest showmen the ring has ever known.

By A. W. Helliwell

BIG BILL SQUIRES sucked his teeth noisily as he settled himself in his corner.

It was a sure sign that Bill was nervous, and although he made a great show of grinning and waving his hands to the packed arena he could not disguise the apprehension on his homely, punch-flattened features each time his eyes strayed in the direction of the short stockily built figure on the opposite stool.

You couldn't blame him. The stocky man with the dark, Napoleonic curl over his high, pale forehead was Tommy Burns, heavyweight champion of the world, and Squires knew from painful and bitter experience the weight of that famous right-hand punch.

Twice before they had met, once in California and then in Paris, and each time Squires had abruptly and completely lost further interest in the proceedings when the champion's fist crashed home on his chin.

Not again would he repeat the mistake he had made before their first fight. That was when, backed by Jack Wren, the Australian millionaire sportsman, he had journeyed to the States ballyhooed as the world's greatest fighter.

Actually, Bill, a husky, tough and tremendously strong miner, was no more than an honest-to-goodness pug. Full of pluck, he could only be depended upon to go on slogging until someone clipped him hard enough on the chin to stop him, but he arrived in California preceded by such a fanfare of publicity that Burns prepared for the fight of his life.

Convinced that he was taking on the toughest opponent of his career, the champion actually trained to go forty-five rounds, and his corner resembled a first-aid depot so cluttered was it with bandages, bottles of smelling salts, buckets of ice and other restoratives.

IN the meantime Squires, who was beginning to believe he must be as good as he read he was, became even more cock-a-hoop when he got his first peek at the champion. Smiling across the ring at the short, tubby-looking figure he was to fight, Bill nodded with satisfaction.

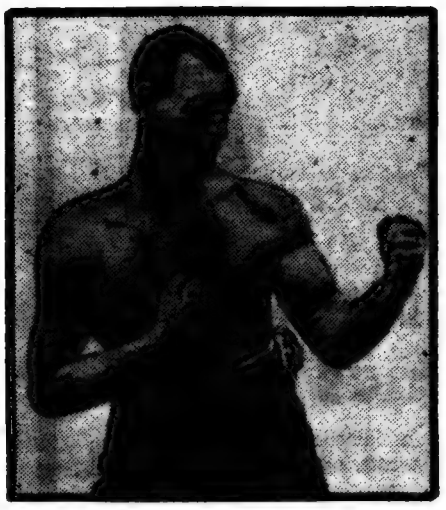
"So that's Tommy Burns," he growled. "Why, I can lick him with one hand."

Tommy's lack of inches—he was the shortest man ever to hold the world heavyweight title—had deceived him. He missed the menace of those huge shoulders and that abnormal 74-in. reach, and forgot that here, facing him, was one of the most cunning and polished exponents of the art of boxing for many a year.

All he saw was a plump little man he thought he could push over with ease, but poor Bill Squires had a rude awakening.

He walked from his corner right into one of the champion's terrible right-hand smashes, and the next thing he knew was that his handlers were pulling his ears and dousing him with ice water to revive him!

In Paris the following year, more wary now of this "plump little man," he had managed to last eight rounds before Burns hung another of those dynamic right-handers on his square jaw, and now this time in Sydney, Australia, a



Tommy Burns was much more than a mere fighter. He was something of an actor and a psychologist, and possessed a calculating brain that would have taken him to the top had he chosen a business career

bare two months later, he had no illusions.

Squires climbed into the ring at Rushcutter's Bay cowed by the memories of these two overwhelming defeats, yet, had he but known it, the ex-miner had Tommy's world title and all the fame and fortune that went with it right in the palm of one of his big hands that August afternoon.

For he fought a sorely sick man, a man who should never have been anywhere near a boxing ring, and who had, in fact, been forbidden to fight by Australia's leading physician, Sir Herbert Maitland.

On the Boxing Day of that same year and in the same ring Burns was to be thrashed and deposed by the strutting, golden-dentured negro, Jack Johnson, but only because of one of the most astonishing bluffs in the history of boxing was it the coloured man and not Bill Squires who succeeded him.

Burns fought many great fights, but I doubt whether he ever put up a finer performance than he did in licking Squires for the third time.

The champion was in great shape until a few days before the fight, when he suddenly collapsed under a severe attack of influenza.

He tried to throw it off, but he grew steadily weaker, and on the eve of the contest he had lost his voice and was running an alarming temperature.

THEN it was that the doctor forbade him to fight.

"It would be madness to think of it," he said. But Burns, ill though he was, refused to let the public down.

"I may be sick, but I can still lick Squires," he promised, and when he climbed shakily into the ring next afternoon he had a plan already formed in his keen brain.

He knew that if the big and rugged ex-miner once guessed the truth he could kiss his crown good-bye, for, although Squires lacked knowledge of the finer points of the game, he packed a hefty wallop, and a few solid punches would have been enough to put the champion out of the running.

Burns hoped that his audacious bluff, one of the cheekiest and most impudent examples of trickery ever put over in the ring, would deceive his opponent.

As Squires stepped cautiously forward to meet him, Tommy went straight into a clinch and, resting his head on Bill's shoulder, he began to talk fast.

"Well, we certainly packed 'em to-day, eh, Bill?" he whispered.

"Sure, Tommy, sure," replied the bewildered Squires, vainly endeavouring to extricate himself from the champion's hold.

"We want to give 'em a good show, don't we, Bill?" continued Burns.

"Sure, Tommy, sure," said Squires.

"Don't worry then," Tommy went on patronisingly. "I'll carry you along for a few rounds. Just leave everything to me."

And Squires, simple, honest Bill Squires, remembering what had happened before, bit that cunning bait as eagerly as a hungry pike.

"Thanks, Tommy, thanks a lot," he murmured gratefully. "That's real good of you."

Poor Squires!

All he had to do to win was just wade into Burns and keep his big fists swinging until the champion collapsed.

Tommy hadn't the strength to put up an effective resistance to a really determined attack, and Bill's slugging would have had him doubled up in a couple of rounds.

But Squires never realised that he was fighting a sick man.

NOT wishing to annoy the champion after his promise to carry him along for a few rounds, he left the initiative to him.

Burns, more acutely aware of his weakness with each move he made, and uneasy with the knowledge that "mixing it" with this rugged miner must reveal his secret, took things quietly.

Had he been fit Tommy would not have minced matters. He would have wasted no time seeking an opening for his deadly right hand, but now, with hardly enough energy to hold his head up, he had to alter his tactics.

If he missed when he tried for a kayo, or caught Bill a little too high, the miner might be stung into countering, and Tommy knew only too well that he could not afford to take too many of those sledge-hammer blows.

For round after round he drew upon all his skill and ringcraft to keep out of trouble, using a hard and accurate left to jolt Bill's memory whenever that worthy showed signs of becoming over-enthusiastic in his attack.

And Squires, fondly imagining that the champion was letting him down lightly in order to give the big crowd a show, backed away, keeping a wary eye on Tommy's sleep-producing right glove.

A keener wit, a little more imagination or initiative, and he would have climbed out of that ring champion of the world, but he was matched against a man who, even when illness had taken the edge off his fighting abilities, was still good enough a showman and an actor to master him.

For twelve rounds Burns out-boxed and out-manœuvred his slow and clumsy opponent, and then, realising from the dull ache in his limbs that he could not long continue his game of make-believe, he decided to risk everything in the next session.

Squires was by this time tired and off guard, for Tommy had made him do most of the moving around, and as he came out for the thirteenth round, Burns, letting his lethargy fall from him like a cloak, mustered all his willpower and became the old Tommy.

Like a tiger he leapt, and that deadly right hand, flashing up in a short, perfectly-timed hook, crashed against Bill's unprotected jaw.

Every ounce of Tommy's failing strength and determination went into that blow. Had it missed or failed in its purpose, he would have been a beaten man, for his legs almost gave way beneath him as he stepped back.

But Squires, sprawled face down on the canvas, did not twitch a muscle. He was out to the world!

HOW HE WON THAT MEDAL

Decoyed Nazi To Death

REAL courage is needed to sit in the cockpit of a disabled fighter letting your enemy fire bursts of machine-gun bullets at you on the offchance of shooting him down if he makes a mistake.

Yet Flight-Sergeant Herbert James Lempriers Hallowes won his Distinguished Flying Medal that way.

Hallowes was involved in a dog-fight over Northern France.

Twisting and turning, he battled against terrific odds, giving as good as he got.

While he was pouring bullets into one Messerschmitt, another came in on his port quarter, smashed his instrument panel and damaged his engine with a long burst of fire.

Hallowes put his ship into a glide and headed for friendly territory.

* * *

But the German pilot had no intention of allowing his victim to escape.

He followed Hallowes down, trying to blast the English aircraft to pieces.

To make matters worse, Hallowes was losing height rapidly. Even if the Nazi pilot failed to finish him off, it looked as though he must crash and "wash himself out."

Deciding to "bale out," he tightened the buckle of his parachute harness, threw back the cowling and lifted his leg over the side of the fuselage, keeping an eye on the enemy in the meantime.

As the Nazi wheeled to come in "for the kill," Hallowes suddenly noticed that his enemy was power-diving on a course that must, on the "over-run," bring the Messerschmitt straight past the sights of his crashing machine.

* * *

As his disabled aircraft dropped lower and lower, he climbed back into the cockpit and sat still, giving the Nazi a "sitting shot."

Down came the German ship, its machine-guns belching flame.

Bullets cut Hallowes' wings to ribbons, smacking into his motor and nipping past his head into the remnants of his instrument-board.

Yet Hallowes sat waiting.

Suddenly the machine-gun fire ceased and the Messerschmitt slid into his gun-sights.

Hallowes kicked hard on the rudder, threw over the "joy-stick" and tripped his guns.

He held his aim until the German machine burst into flames.

Then he baled out.

How to Build up RUNDOWN, NERVOUS, WEAK PEOPLE!

"RE-FUEL" your body with "Vikelp's" Minerals and Vitamins

Here's new hope and encouragement for you who are weakly, tired—you who are nervous, worried and worn-out. The cause of these conditions is simply that your system burns up too quickly Nature's supply of Minerals and Food Iodine. Ordinary tonics merely give you a temporary relief—you need something more lasting.

Now there is a way to replace these precious elements in your body. A recently discovered sea plant has been found to contain, *in natural form*, IRON, PHOSPHORUS, CALCIUM, SULPHUR, together with 5 other essential Minerals and FOOD IODINE, and an abundance of VITAMIN B. This plant—the world's richest source of these substances—is concentrated and comes to you as "Vikelp"—showing you the way to new health, new strength, new energy.

Start "re-fuelling" your system with Vikelp Brand Tablets to-day. Note the definite results. Gradually you build up—become vigorous, vital, alert. Nerves steady. Spirits rise. You tingle with new-found health, strength and energy.

FREE. SEND NOW!

Send this coupon to-day for free booklet crammed full with vital information "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B.16, 128/134, Baker St., London, W.1. (You need only 1d. stamp.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

YES, WE'RE going out to tea.
but
'FAMILY HEALTH'
comes first!
NEW HYGIENIC WRAPPER
FAMILY HEALTH
90% of infectious illness begins with germs entering nose or throat—and *hands* are chief carriers of infection. Don't let your family run risks—see that they wash before every meal with Family Health Soap. Let Family Health be your family health-warden.
KH 68-54-68
JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

This lotion relieved SEVERE DERMATITIS

What a tragedy to be doomed to a lifetime of itching pain and disfigurement from dermatitis! This sufferer thought her case was hopeless till she tried D.D.D. Prescription.

"I attended hospital for dermatitis on face, neck, eyes and back for months with no beneficial results. At last I stopped going. Then I got a bottle of D.D.D. Brand Prescription. Needless to say I found relief on the first application, and entirely cleared myself of the trouble."

(Mrs. C., Southampton).

Sufferers from dermatitis, eczema, psoriasis, impetigo, or any other skin complaint, even if they have given up all hope of a cure, should try D.D.D. Prescription, the *reliable* skin remedy, which has often brought relief and cure where everything else had failed. 1/3 a bottle from all chemists.

D.D.D PRESCRIPTION

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

Cash your Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

VALUE 3D

This Coupon with P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium or broad nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Why Endure PAIN
End it for 2D
Why spend hours in pain? Why not spend 2d. and get RELIEF! Beechams Powders cost only 2d. each—BUT—because of its special powder form this amazing remedy is both QUICKER-ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results! Wonderful for HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, Aches and Chills!
Cartons of 8 Powders 1/2. Single Powders 2d. each. Not laxative. Sold everywhere
A Beecham Product
BEECHAMS POWDERS

COBRA
is so easy to use
and BEING WHITE it does not alter the original colour of Floors, Furniture or Linoleum
COBRA
C-HG-3
Wm. WRIN & Co. (Watford) Ltd., WATFORD.
WAX FLOOR POLISH

Voice of the People

LET SACRIFICES BE EQUAL : GARDEN AIR RAID SHELTERS GOING TO WASTE : IS HE THE IDEAL EMPLOYER? : VICAR ATTACKS THOSE WHO GIVE NAZIS CIGARETTES : THE SHOEMAKER POET

POLICEMEN are to receive an increase of 8s. per week retrospective from July. I need not point out what concessions they receive that are as good as wages.

The engineer, a key man in this war, receives only 5s. a week more; the soldier, another key man, 3s. 6d.

Now look at pensions. A policeman, two-thirds of pay; a soldier, 32s. 6d. for total disablement; an engineer, 10s. a week at 65.

Democracy is worth sacrifices, but let sacrifices be fairly apportioned.—J. L. Davidson, Cardross Road, Dumbarton.

The world abounds in such disparities. As a rule, we would prefer to wipe them out by bringing the lowest up rather than the highest down.

IF the Government will compel local authorities of the evacuated areas to search gardens of empty houses for Anderson shelters they will find scores of thousands.

They are Government property. They should be moved wherever they are most wanted. There are plenty of unemployed men who would be glad of a chance to unearth them.—W. Davis, Laburnum Grove, Canvey Island, Essex.

In the London area many thousands have been left behind by householders who have found it more economical to share homes with friends or relatives. An Anderson shelter wasted may mean lives thrown away!

MET by three people in three minutes, I heard the whole of High Street, in a town I shall call X, was demolished by

a magnetic mine,
a synthetic mine, and
a land mine weighing four tons dropped by parachute.

Casualties were appalling.

Actually, a small time-bomb had dropped. Damage was negligible, casualties *nil*.—E. E. S., Harefield, Middlesex.

London hawkers sell a leather medal inscribed "Presented to Goebbels' Best Pupil" for offering to people who tell such whoppers.

DO you agree with the people who give cigarettes and cups of tea to German bomber pilots who have just bombed or machine-gunned innocent women or children?

I agree with the Rev. A. B. Trewin, vicar of Exminster, Devon, who writes in his parish magazine:

"*I have yet to hear of the man who stabs his wife or shoots his son being given cups of tea by eye-witnesses.*

"*The Good Samaritan gave help to the one bruised and in distress, not abetment to the robbers who knocked him down and bruised him. Better give the cups of tea to those who have just been bereaved. . . .*"—H. B., Marine Parade, Dawlish, Devon.

Cash Prizes

★ *This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

● **Railway Porter Chappell, of Bath, beat all the national poets — the Poet Laureate included—in interpreting in verse the heroism of the last war. This mantle seems to have fallen on "John Bull" reader Frank Connor, local shoemaker in a much-bombed district of Britain, who has sent us the poem printed below.**

Let us now praise humble *men—*
Men of modest showing
Who can do a job of work,
Scorning all its risks to shirk,
Though on every hand may lurk
Dangers past their knowing.

Human beasts with blasting bombs
Fill their cup of sorrow—
Tear them from their homes and kin
Chill their hearts, and leave within
Little save the will to win
Victory to-morrow.

And so teach us—humble *men—*
Things not taught in college.
Teach us how to keep our head,
Resolutely stifle dread,
Calmly face what lies ahead
In the certain knowledge—

In the knowledge that when pride
Is forever broken,
Humble men shall have their place,
New and better patterns trace,
For the glory of their race—
People newly woken.

Once another Humble Man
Knew such persecution,
And with Him the word began
Of the Peace awaiting man,
When we put His perfect plan
Into execution.

GLAD to know that Sir Archibald Sinclair doesn't intend introducing a spirit of revenge into our operations.

Possibly it would be nice to hear that Berlin had been bombed to the same extent and with the same lack of discrimination as the German bombing of London, but, besides being bad military tactics, it would destroy the idealism with which Britain entered the war.

A war of revenge decides nothing. We might win such a war, but we wouldn't win the peace.—The Rev. R. C. Mace, Cullen House, Regent Street, Stoke-on-Trent.

Point that weighs considerably with JOHN BULL is that enemy would have been in a far stronger position to invade this country if the Government had listened to the "revenge" school of thought.

MAKER of munitions, my boss used to arrive at 10 a.m. and leave at five. He now appears at 6.30, works until 10.30 at night.

There is little he can do in those extra hours, as he himself admits. And he doesn't fill in the time badgering us.

His policy is: "*I am asking the men to do long hours. It will be fairer all round if I put in long hours myself.*" That stamps him as an ideal employer in my opinion.—S. Dearden, Birmingham.

LONDON'S fire brigade chiefs must surely be unaware that some gallant members of the Auxiliary Fire Service were almost denied a decent funeral.

Killed at their duty, they left families unable to afford them proper burial. Had it not been for their mates, who had a whip-round, they might have had paupers' graves.—Patrick Spencer, Brighton Road, South Croydon.

WHEN a German seaplane was towed in here virtually intact, R.A.F. personnel removed the cannon, cannon-shells, machine-guns and machine-gun ammunition.

Then the public were allowed access to the machine—and removed engine parts and other valuable accessories.

They discovered seven drums of live machine-gun ammunition. Yet we are carefully conserving scrap!—George Lough, Eyemouth, Berwickshire.

Lord Beaverbrook is trying to sell such German machines in the United States to raise dollars.

TO provincials, the good-humoured stoicism of the Cockneys under bombing raids was not unexpected.

But provincial cities have the same working-men humorists.

When a passenger on a Hull 'bus announced that when the Germans bombed Buckingham Palace they were aiming at petrol and oil depots, the conductor quickly remarked:

"*That's right. They were after the King's petrol lighter!*"—C. Williams, 23, Dundee Street, Hull.

SOLDIERS are supposed to be great grumblers. We grumbled when N.C.O.s seized our mattresses without giving any reason.

We grumbled even more some hours later when we found out that they were going to give comfort to women and children made homeless by air raids. We were angry because they hadn't taken our blankets as well.

How typical of the Army not to tell us that our mattresses were being taken for such a good reason.—Gunner H., Somewhere in England.

Just like the Army.

BREAD made at home with lard is a vital necessity in North Country homes.

Yet it is missing now. The lard ration doesn't enable housewives to bake it.

Surely a little could be allowed where housewives don't buy baker's bread.

As we say in these parts, give a Yorkshireman home-made jam on home-made bread and he'll live for ever!—Y. L., Hope Street, Wakefield, Yorks.

Food Ministry argues that plenty of fat is allowed to householders for healthy living. If it is eaten in bread, less is necessary in other foods.

IN the early days of the last war a Home Secretary refused to allow air raid warnings to be given because he thought the maroons (the kind of signal then used) would frighten old people.

He had to give way when the public made it clear that they preferred a frightening sound to a bomb.

Let us hope the new Home Secretary will realise that people prefer to hear sirens before they go underground—even if it means an occasional false alarm.—W. H. Knight, Holland Park Avenue, London, W.11.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Now's the Time

NOW is the time to test the measure of our success in achieving self-control.

It is not necessary to think in heroic terms.

It is in the little human, ordinary, everyday things that self-control is tested most.

If we feel irritated with someone we can suppress our irritation.

He's probably as irritated as we are—and, for all we know, with more cause.

We can try to be tolerant and kind, understanding and forbearing. This means controlling a whole lot of ideas and prejudices.

For, if we are going to be of any use to our fellows, we shall have to accept them as we find them, instead of holding aloof from them. We shall have to admit the rights of others to be different, the right to think differently, to speak differently, to behave differently.

If we are really serious in our desire to put our theories of self-control into practice, we must take good care that we do not vent on anyone else the ill-temper that is being self-generated.

Often the cause of irritability is not the person on whom we wish to vent our anger, but our own inability to understand life.

It's a pretty mean way of trying to get our own back!

Our relationships with others are never easy, but to-day they are so important that we should try hard to make them so.

If we all make just a little extra effort to exercise "self-control" over everyday acts, the problem won't be so difficult.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NEWS CHRONICLE:—". . . in spite of anti-aircraft TIME."

CUMBERLAND EVENING STAR: "In view of the very large proportion of injuries in recent raids which has been due to flying GRASS . . ."

DARLINGTON AND STOCKTON TIMES: ". . . all the horse hair they combed from the manes and TALES of the animals."

KENTISH EXPRESS: "When they returned later, one of their escort, its engine running WEEKLY, was losing height."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH AND INDEPENDENT: "NORMAN ground reconnaissances were carried out."

DAILY MAIL: "They were getting ready for midday dinner in little homes behind PAINLESS windows."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR: ". . . caught within the limits of the STARCHLIGHTS."

EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH:—"Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, stated to-day that the amount of damage to food supplies during the week-end raids was annoying, but entirely unimportant as regards either the NOTION'S or London's food supplies."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"German attempts to obtain daylight MYSTERY of the air over England were the crux of the war, but they had failed conspicuously."

DAILY MAIL:—"So far as possible journeys to the damaged areas of London should be entirely avoided; SIGHT-TESTING is not merely selfish curiosity, it is unpatriotic."

THE LAST LAUGH

E. L. (Hoxton).—"What is Spain's position in the war?" Uncomfortable

C. L. (Bedford).—"How near have bombs dropped to you in London?" Too!

S. B. (Knebworth).—"A really good golfer seldom loses a ball." And a really bad one seldom loses sight of his

R. B. (Kettering).—"This is the month for starting fires." Good heavens! Surely we get enough incendiary bombs as it is?

G. F. (Tewkesbury). — "One famous defender of England played bowls before smashing an attempted invasion. What do you think our modern defenders are playing?" Possum.

F. Y. (Pinner).—"After all this blitzkrieg I was surprised, on looking into my mirror the other day, to see a strong, resolute face." Your wife was looking over your shoulder?

R. N. (Norwich).—"A German paper says that German soldiers doing disembarkation training on the French coast recently received an issue of captured British rum." But they won't get any British port.

G. L. (Chester).—"The Axis seems a bit unbalanced these days." What do you expect with a vulture perched at one end and a jackal hanging from the other?

S. B (Reading).—"We don't hear much about explorers these days." Well, what's the good of trying to discover new countries when we have so much trouble with those we've got?

HOUSEWIFE (Morden). — "So many of our cooking utensils have gone into the manufacture of Hurricanes and Spitfires that I think these 'planes ought to be re-christened. Can you suggest a suitable name?" Flying Pans.

W. E. (Wandsworth).—"Is there really a cure-all for every pain and ailment?" Yes. Stop breathing.

S. N. (Hull).—"You always turn down my articles. Must I always take 'No' for an answer?" Yes.

S. E. (Castleton).—"I just write as I think." But more often, apparently.

RUGBY PLAYER (Leicester). — "Although I dashed out of the scrum, rounded three or four opponents and finally threw myself over the line near the corner-flag, not a solitary cheer came from the spectators." That should teach you to take the ball with you next time.

K B. (Hatfield).—"I threw a boot through my neighbour's window last night because a bright light was coming through it, but it is just as bad again to-night." Perhaps he wants the other one to make a pair.

D. Y. (Atherstone).—"After all, would anybody plant shrubs or small trees with decayed roots?" Yes. Our neighbour does—on us.

T. T. (Oxford).—"Hitler knows the exact width of the strip of Channel he wishes to cross." What makes him hesitate is the depth.

F. L. (Felixstowe). — "Berlin claims that Goering recently flew over London." It is denied, however, that a screaming bomb which fell during the raid was Dr. Goebbels.

W. V. (Ealing).—"I once owned several racehorses and they were stolen from me." Did you make as much fuss as the average man when he loses his stud?

D. B. (London).—"Although enemy 'planes were overhead, the band, the dancing and the games went on as usual." Even the searchlights played, we suppose.

S. D. (Dundee).—"Is a blonde more admired than a brunette?" Why not ask a girl who has been both?

W. V. (Southport). — "The simplest and most commonplace things are sometimes the most difficult to grasp." Such as the soap in one's bath.

C. J. (Goole).—"He began his business career by repairing silk stockings." Starting at the bottom of the ladder.

BOXER (Loughborough).—"I have always weighed about the same—nine stone." You were a big baby then, weren't you?

N. T. (Woking).—"I have a suit of clothes for every day of the week." We, too, can afford only one nowadays.

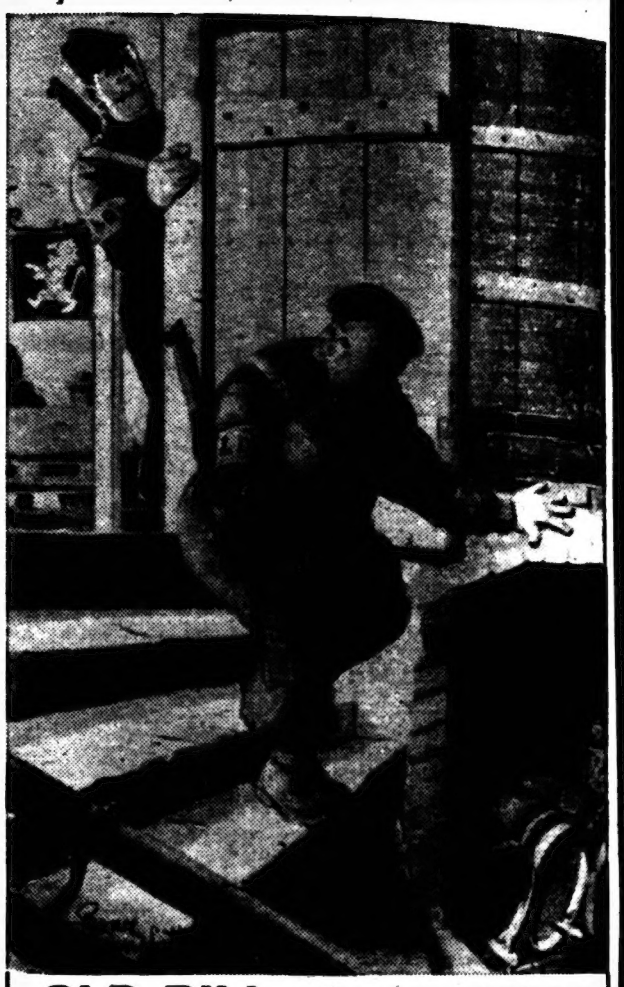
F. B. (Ludlow).—"My wife celebrates her thirty-fifth birthday next week. What can you suggest as a suitable present?" A cake with twenty-five candles on it.

N. S. (Watford).—"We have not been married long, so when I leave my wife after meals and set off for work again, I have a heavy feeling inside me." Never mind, her cooking is bound to improve.

G. F. (Thames Ditton).—"The Nazi air force and army are feeling proud because they have been told that England is already invaded and London in a state of siege." Well, you know what pride comes before.

P. L. (Oakham).—"In the old days lace curtains were very popular. Now the experts have found they are the best means of making windows splinterproof." A problem still baffling the experts, however, is how to convert the aspidistra to equally useful purposes.

(Side-Slips : See page 17)



OLD BILL : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"No, you were wrong, Bill! That wasn't another warnin' you heard."

LAZY KIDNEYS CAUSE Backache Rheumatic Pain Painful Joints

Don't struggle on! End the torment of kidney trouble and become healthy and vigorous again by taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This up-to-date kidney medicine does not merely relieve the pain. It strengthens, invigorates, and flushes out the kidneys so that the millions of tiny filtering tubes purify your blood. Only a remedy which achieves this can give you permanent relief. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from backache, lumbago, urinary and bladder troubles, rheumatic pains, puffy swellings, disturbed sleep and other kidney ailments.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. *Ask your Chemist for*

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

Walk on Iodine & End COLD FEET

— forerunner of Chilblains Coughs, Colds and Rheumatism

Thousands of people going about with Cold Feet today will be in bed tomorrow. That's the danger. When feet are numb, your vitality is low. That's when germs strike — coughs, colds, 'flu and worse. Take care of yourself.

Sitting, standing, dusk or dawn, you can have toasty warm feet. Put Simpson Iodine Socks in your shoes and know what foot-joy really is—in 3 minutes! Your shoes fill with iodine vapour; your pores absorb it; your circulation is whipped up; your instep is a-tingle, with a lovely dry warmth—not a "sweaty" heat. Comfort in action, protection at rest. Send a pair to your fighting boy. He needs them.

Be sure to get genuine Simpson brand Socks. Price 1/3 from chemists. If difficulty, post free on receipt of price from J. W. Simpson (Chemist) Ltd. (Dept X2) Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM NERVOUS HEADACHES

2 Tablets of Phensic

BANISH PAIN, LEAVING NO AFTER-EFFECTS

"How much I appreciate Phensic," writes Mrs. H. K., from Cheshire. "I have nervous headaches. One day I had a very bad head so I took 2 tablets of Phensic—and the effect was marvellous. The pain vanished as if by magic. NO after-effects, as with other remedies."

Phensic is just as marvellous, just as safe, in relieving ANY KIND OF NERVE OR MUSCULAR PAIN. Prices: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

HOW I PUT ON POUNDS

A Typical IRVONA Figure

In a month I had put on 28 lbs. Read this letter :— "Until a few months ago I was scraggy and weak. I tried dieting, exercises and patent foods, but without success. After repeated failures I tried Irvona, and the result was astounding. In a month I put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality." "IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from

IRVONA (Dept. 22P), 1 GRESSE STREET, LONDON, W. 1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.*

Great Offer to STOMACH SUFFERERS

If you suffer from Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sickness, Discomfort after meals, get a 1/3 bottle of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder TO-DAY. If it does not bring relief, return empty carton to Macleans, Ltd., Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. Accept this OFFER and put yourself on the path to complete Stomach Health, Good Appetite and Vigorous Digestion! But here is a VERY IMPORTANT point you MUST remember!

The supreme benefits of this famous remedy and of this Money Back Offer can only be enjoyed if you INSIST on MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder which is only genuine if the signature 'Alex C. Maclean' appears on the bottle, carton or tin. Look for this Signature *Alex C. Maclean*

From all Chemists. In bottles 1/3, 2/-, 5/-

Also in Tablet Form in Handy Pocket Tins 6d.

END THOSE TORMENTING PILES

If you suffer from piles (hæmorrhoids) with constant pain, itching and swelling, you'll find wonderful relief in Zam-Buk Ointment. The refined herbal oils soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles.

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use.

Zam-Buk 1/3 box

OINTMENT AND SUPPOSITORIES

SAVE YOUR HAIR!

In thousands of cases war work and worries are resulting in impoverished, falling hair, causing thin patches and threatening baldness. Men in uniform are especial sufferers. Tight-fitting hats and heavy steel helmets restrict circulation and start numerous hair troubles—unless you take care.

The treatment—for men and women alike—is rub in Silvikrin every day. If the root is alive Silvikrin will grow hair. Silvikrin—the result of years of research by brilliant bio-chemists—is the hair's natural food. Silvikrin contains the fourteen organic elements which the hair root must have to produce healthy hair. To keep your scalp healthy and restore lost hair, start rubbing in Silvikrin to-day. To prevent dandruff and falling hair—use Silvikrin Lotion. For severe cases use Pure Silvikrin.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. L-101-L

XMAS DINNERS, CHEQUES and PENSION TO BE WON

£125 £50 £20 £10

100/- 80/- 60/- 40/-

8 of 30/- 25 PLUMP XMAS TURKEYS 1,000 3-in-1 MERIT AWARDS

Awards Value over £250

30/- MONTHLY for LIFE or £100

X-WORD PENSION — OR LUMP SUM

£25 between 1st RUNNERS-UP and UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd Runners-up

50 XMAS FOWLS one with each Runners-up Prize of 10/- and over

for 'BULLETS' and X-WORDS—OFFERED ONE WEEK ONLY!

1,490 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

£125 First Prize—"Bullets" 1,239.

G. Huntley, 31, Longhedge Street, Battersea, London, S.W.

Example: DOWN—DOWN—DOWN
Bullet: HOUSES—STREETS—*Road* "UNALTERED."!

Second Prize, £20: P. J. Wright, 104, West Wycombe Road, High Wycombe, Bucks.
Example: LOSING
Bullet: TERROR, TERROR HITLER'S LOOSING!

Third Prize, £10: S. L. Braybrook, 381, Mawney Road, Romford, Essex.
Example: 1s BANDAGES
Bullet: LONDON, YET *London Yet.*

OTHER PRIZES:

100s.: W. H. Ramsay, "Brantwood," Dukinfield, Ches. (P.C.)
In The Danger Zone—Running? To Welcome King!

80s.: F. Vernall Rodney House, Cheltenham.
When Grandpa's On Guard—Feels Younger—Colder—Older!

60s.: W. Pritchard, 59A, The Woodlands, Birkenhead.
Missed—Paper? *World* "Delivered Later."

40s.: J. Shanks, 154, London Road, Oldham.
Winston Churchill—"*Man*" Producing Victory's "*Hour.*"

30s.: L. Fisher, 8, Berry Hill Road, Mansfield.
Missed—"Heart" Of *Londoners*, Terrorists.

25s.: G. P. Allen, 1, Ashfield Avenue, Mansfield.
Hurrying to Repair—*Truth's* "Damage," Goebbel's "Workers."

20s.: R. Thomas, 39, Cheyne Hill, Surbiton, Surrey.
Winston Wants—Mighty Effort—Slightly "Fort."

15s.: F. O. Pascoe, 96, Dolcoath Road, Camborne, Cornwall.
Sleepless Night—Through *German* "Youngsters," Now!

10s.: Mrs. E. Brayshaw, 76, Healey Wood Road, Burnley.
When Grandpa's On Guard—Barracks Safe—Barrackers Aren't!

10s.: Miss E. Airey, 117, Morton Terrace, Gainsborough, Lincs.
Just Too Bad—Neighbour's Bomb Crater *Larger*!

10s.: F. O. Pascoe, 96, Dolcoath Road, Camborne, Cornwall.
When Grandpa's On Guard—Sleeping *Permitted*—Saves Ammunition!

10s.: Mrs. A. Pugh, 10, Milton Terrace, Camp Road, Ross, Herefordshire.
Folly—"General" On *Both* Sides.

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices. The letters "P.C." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on a Prize coupon.

RULES of these COMPETITIONS

'BULLETS' 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

X-WORDS Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, October 19.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./" and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided below. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—decisions will be based on answers of entrants.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 31; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up Prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant. Rule 3 for Bullets, appearing above, applies also to Crosswords.

240 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

Result and Winning Square—X-Word No. 221.

The following two competitors share £200, each receiving £100, for set of most meritorious Answers seen in square on right.

S. MORRIS, 45, Osborne Road, Forest Gate, E.7.

E. SMITH, 23, Elm Park Road, Walmsley.

The £25 Runners-up Award has been divided between 34 entrants from whom we received entries with one less apt and accurate Answer than the best entries received. These winners will each receive 14s. 9d.

Surprise Awards will be sent to 294 entrants whose entries differed from the Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS. Across—1. MAID. 5. CARES. 6. MAID. 8. HIVE. 9. PARK. 14. RATE. 15. LOAD. 16. POST. Down—1. MARCH. 2. CAP. 3. SILL. 4. BEE. 6. FIRES or FIXES. 7. DAY. 10. REP. 11. PEAL. 12. ROCK. 13. DUEL.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in square above. Blank space indicates that at this point FIRES and FIXES were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

FREE PRIVILEGE If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Size of this may make it difficult for a man to keep his head above water
2. These of expensive furs will be beyond pocket of most women
4. Expert in make-up would probably find it easy to imitate one exactly
7. Explosion may possibly be due to the delayed action of one
8. Mothers would really find it this, looking after camp full of healthy young evacuees
13. News of the R.A.F.'s good work is this in every home
14. Would naturally be marked on map of village and surrounding country
15. It will readily be admitted that one has graceful lines

DOWN CLUES

1. Even energetic skipper may find it very hard to get this
2. Wise cyclist will take this when it's wet
3. The Yard would soon know if burglar had this
5. You'll often find he's a very keen student, willing to work harder than most of the others
6. Housewife seldom hangs out washing to dry in this
9. If the barometer should do this, skipper is naturally anxious
10. This of an animal is its protection against wind and weather
11. Soon gets tied up in knots when puss gets to work
12. Loser in this is not at his best

PRIVILEGE FOR H.M. FORCES

Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit entries for Crosswords and Bullets at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these 'EXAMPLES'

BRITAIN UNITED
SPIRIT OF DETERMINATION
DASTARDLY DEED
LONDON
GLORIOUS MUDDLE
JUST A BLIND
MILITARY TARGET
TO SAVE HIS SKIN
WHEN WIFEY'S ASLEEP
NO MAN'S LAND

DOWN CAME A NAZI AND
TO THE RESCUE
IN OFFICIAL CIRCLES
SWEPT ASIDE
TO PUT OUT THE FIRE
DOWN BELOW
COMRADESHIP
ASKING FOR MORE
UNEXPLODED BOMB
GETTING TO WORK

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Gave Me A .....
Startling .....
At Hitler's .....
Made A Big .....
Increasing .....
Wanted .....

ENTRY FEE:— Send crossed P.O. (completed as directed in Rules) or stamps stuck to Form provided, at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

20 BONUSES each value **£1** for entrants whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.

STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—Stick them to this form and enclose with "Bullets" or Crosswords.

Example
BULLET .....

Example
BULLET .....

Example
BULLET .....

Example
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1243, Closing Postmark, SAT., OCT. 19.

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

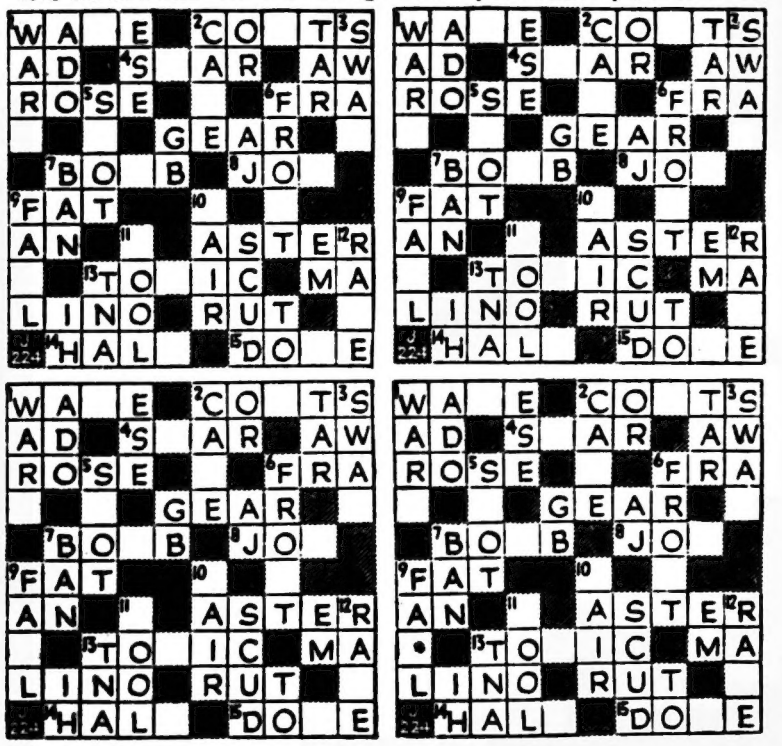
Remember to enclose your 'Bulletin' ADDRESS LABEL from foot of X-word coupon.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE.

ADDRESS ENTRY Bullets No. 1243 X-Word No. 224 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY SEND IN 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT

J.B. CROSSWORD No. 224. Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19.



I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps, affixed to Stamp Form on left, for entry-fee as directed.

P.O. value.... No. .....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

GET YOUR 'GAZETTE'

To secure your POST FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin dated November 2 you must affix 1d. stamp on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1d. STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

ADDRESS LABEL

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

No. .....

THE PROBLEM OF SLEEPLESSNESS OVERCOME!

THE 'ASPRO' WAY

Refreshed not Doped!

Sleep gets broken up nowadays. Millions have to take it in short snatches. They need to make the most of what they can get. How to drop smoothly off and yet be fresh and alert on awakening has puzzled many. 'ASPRO' PROVIDES THE ANSWER. It brings easy, refreshing sleep without any doping after-effects. There is no heaviness or nervy feeling on awakening, for 'ASPRO' tablets do not work that way.

'ASPRO' CALMS & COMFORTS

The demand for 'ASPRO' is growing every day. People are realising more than ever the public service it renders in times of stress. 'ASPRO' soothes the nerves, banishes pain and irritability and renders a hundred-and-one services in every household and every first-aid cabinet.

'ASPRO' the Wonderful NERVE SEDATIVE— IT DOES NOT DOPE OR DEPRESS

SLEEPS "AS SOUND AS SOUND CAN BE"

Dear Sirs, 55 Lichfield Road, Bow, London, E.3.

Once again I feel that it is my duty to write and let you know that I still stick to my old tonic, 'ASPRO.' Owing to the present conditions in the country one is apt to be rather nervy, all one seems to hear is "I have not been able to sleep for weeks." When I tell them how well I sleep they say "HOW DO YOU manage it?" My answer is "Two 'ASPROS' and into bed, and I sleep as sound as sound can be." They say "Just imagination." However, I just persuaded a friend to try for herself and gave her two as a sample. Next time she saw me she shook me by the hand, and told me it was the first time I told her the truth (THAT WAS MY THANKS). Well, I was very pleased she tried them herself. If people only just realised how quickly 'ASPROS' acted, I am sure they would not hesitate in using them—I would not be without them if it was my last threepence.

I remain, Yours faithfully, MRS. CROSS.

ASPRO AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in half a glass of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, etc. When immersed in water the 'ASPRO' tablets break up into thousands of tiny particles which cling to the lining of the throat, thus exerting the maximum antiseptic and healing effect at the root of the trouble.

COLDS GO LIKE MAGIC

Dear Sirs, 75 Leslie Street, Kirkcaldy Fife.

For some time past I have been troubled with severe colds in the head, but after taking a friend's advice to try 'ASPRO' all headaches and the cold went like magic. Two 'ASPRO' tablets are worth more than a dozen ordinary aspirins.

I am, Yours faithfully, J. BURKE.

CHANGEABLE WEATHER IS SPREADING CHILLS! BANISH THEM IN ONE NIGHT with ASPRO

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

ASPRO

After your Bath

Enjoy the soothing and cooling comfort of an "all over" dusting with Cuticura Talcum. The purest of all talcum powders, it absorbs perspiration, prevents irritation, and keeps you delightfully fresh and fragrant all day.

185

Cuticura TALCUM

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS No. 11

THIS is no time to neglect your meals. You must keep up your health and strength. Learn the art of making one-pot dishes combining a number of essential foods (you'll find a recipe for one below). Bread and potatoes will give you bodily warmth, and energy to cope with present difficulties.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

One-pot Meal

It is perfectly easy to have good hot meals without much heat in cooking. The following dish is a particularly appetising and useful one. Cut into convenient pieces 2 lbs. of any stewing meat, such as skirt of beef, ox-cheek or shin of beef and put in a casserole. Add a teacupful of rice, 2 or 3 carrots, an onion and a piece of swede, all sliced. Season with salt and pepper and add a bay leaf if liked. Pour in enough hot water to cover and top with slices of raw potato. Put on the lid and cook in the oven at the lowest possible heat for at least 5 hours. If you don't want to use the oven, put the covered casserole into a large saucepan with boiling water coming as far up the sides of the casserole as possible. Put on the saucepan lid and cook over a glimmer of heat for at least 3 hours, replenishing the boiling water if necessary.

Carried Meal

The carried meal can be made attractive if you give thought to it, and sandwiches are apt to become monotonous. Delicious and satisfying meals can be made in little fireproof dishes or basins, and if the contents are firm enough, these can easily be carried. Here are two suggestions: Shepherd's Pie with a good covering of grated breadcrumbs, and a layer of chutney on the bottom of the dish if liked; or Kedgeree made with rice and canned salmon. Both these dishes may be heated up, but they are very good cold, too. If possible eat them with a little salad.

Hints on Storing Potatoes

Anyone can store potatoes successfully provided these rules are observed:

1. The potatoes *must* be dry. Dig them in fine weather and leave them on the surface to dry for a few hours. If necessary complete drying under cover and in the dark.

2. Store in boxes or sacks in a frostproof building. All light must be excluded to prevent the potatoes from greening. Cover them with sacking or a thick layer of straw or bracken.

Turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear useful hints and recipes

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland, 15s. 2d. per annum, Abroad, 13s. per annum. Postage: Inland, 1½d.; Abroad, 1d. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. By regn. of Stmrs, JOHN BULL shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of except at the full retail price of 2d. Nor shall it be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary, or pictorial matter whatsoever.

F. 69 | J.B.L. 165